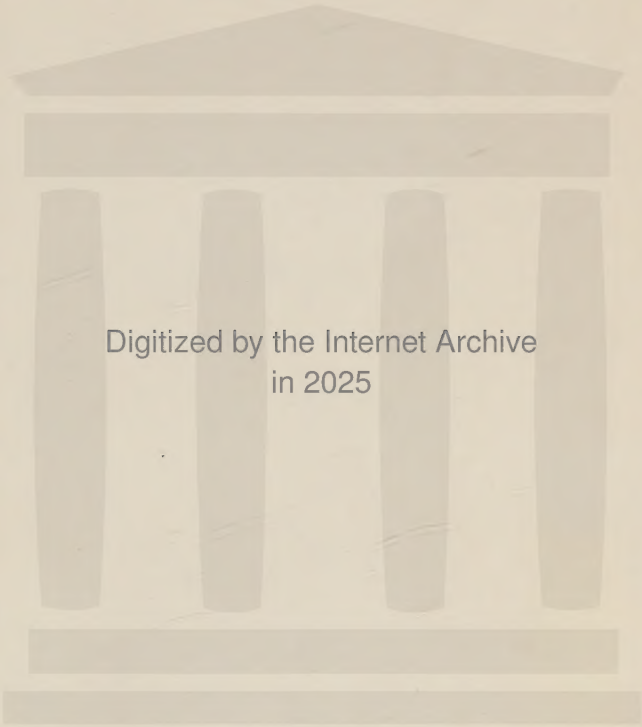
BUTLER S 058060
POETICAL WORKS
PR-3338
A1 1854 V2

St. Joseph's College Library
54th and City Line
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19131

OEMCO



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/poeticalworksofs0002geor

9735

BUTLER'S

POETICAL WORKS.

PLEASE

BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
PR3338.A1 1854 v. 2
The poetical works of Samuel Butler.
3 9353 00025 7244
REMOVED

With Life, Critical Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes,

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

PR3338 A1 1854 V.2
58060

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:
JAMES NICHOL, 9 NORTH BANK STREET.
LONDON: JAMES NISBET AND CO.
DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.
M.DCCC.LIV.

UNIVERSITY CLUB
OF PHILADELPHIA

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

HUDIBRAS :—

PAGE

Part III. Canto II. 1

„ Canto III. 54

GENUINE REMAINS :—

The Elephant in the Moon 103

The Elephant in the Moon, in Long Verse . . . 119

A Satire on the Royal Society 136

Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man . . 139

Satire on the Licentiousness of the Age of Charles II. . 146

Satire upon Gaming 153

Satire to a Bad Poet 156

Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling . 159

Satire on our Ridiculous Imitation of the French . . 163

To the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq., upon his incomparable Poem on "The British Princes" . . . 167

A Palinodie to the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq., upon the same subject 169

Satire upon Drunkenness 172

Satire upon Marriage 176

Upon an Hypocritical Nonconformist 180

Upon Modern Critics 188

1916

GENUINE REMAINS—*continued.* PAGE

To the Happy Memory of the Most Renowned Du-Val . 193
A Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Madness 200
Upon Critics who judge of Modern Plays precisely by the Rules of the Ancients 203
Satire upon Plagiaries 206
Upon Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard . . . 212
Prologue to the "Queen of Arragon" 216
Epilogue on the Same 217
A Ballad on the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver King 218
A Ballad 220
Satire upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning 224
Fragments of an Intended Second Part of the foregoing Satire 230
Miscellaneous Thoughts 241
To his Mistress 271
To the Same 271
Triplets upon Avarice 271
Epigram on a Club of Sots 272
Description of Holland 272

VARIOUS READINGS OF AND ADDITIONS TO HUDIBRAS . . 273

HUDIBRAS,

IN THREE PARTS,

WRITTEN IN

THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS.

PART THIRD.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace,
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in the effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all the grandees of the Cabal.

The learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,[1]
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house;

[1] 'Prince of bees:' breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed :
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after every swarm its own :
For, as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way ;
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
Then bore them like the Devil's dam,
Whose son and husband are the same.
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'rest for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfered,
Get quarter for each other's beard.
For when they thrived they never fadged,
But only by the ears engaged ;
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they 've none ;
As by their truest characters,
Their constant actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence to be out of season :
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's ;
But all divided, shared, and gone,
That used to urge the Brethren on.

Which forced the stubborn'st, for the Cause,
To cross the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd
By their support might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secured against the Hue-and-cry,
For Presbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apostolic functions
On carnal orders and injunctions;
And all their precious gifts and graces
On outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many a trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,
Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
Into the bottomless abyss.
For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to share their dividends,
And every partner to possess
His Church and State joint-purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,
Was named in trust by all the rest
To pay their money, and, instead
Of every brother, pass the deed;
He straight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds, and holy shifts;
And settled all the other shares
Upon his outward man and 's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And pass'd upon his conscience,
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no titles to estates,

But by their spiritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This being reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conscience to fall on :
And laid about as hot and brain-sick
As th' Utter Barrister of Swanswick ;[1]
Engaged with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old ;[2]
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unsanctify'd trustees ;
Till he who had no more to show
I' th' case, received the overthrow ;
Or, both sides having had the worst,
They parted as they met at first.
Poor Presbyter was now reduced,
Secluded, and cashier'd, and choused ;
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State ;
Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To stroll and teach from town to town,
And those he had taught up teach down,
And make those uses serve again,
Against the new-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
As pat as Popish and Prelatic ;
And, with as little variation,
To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

[1] 'Utter Barrister of Swanswick :' William Prynne, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., born at Swanswick, who styled himself Utter Barrister.—[2] 'Men with sand-bags did of old :' when the combat was demanded by yeomen, they fought with sand-bags fastened to the end of a truncheon.

The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the Devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does still invite
The world to mischief with new light,
Had store of money in her purse,
When he took her for better or worse ;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.
  The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That served for horse and foot at once ;
And in the saddle of one steed
The Saracen and Christian rid ;
Were free of every spiritual order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
No sooner got the start, to lurch
Both disciplines, of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war against
The common enemy o' th' Saints ;
And in a while prevail'd so far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.
  For now there was no foe in arms,
T' unite their factions with alarms ;
But all reduced and overcome,
Except their worst, themselves, at home ;
Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdued the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate.

But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,
They met no sooner, but prepared
To pull down all the war had spared ;
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish ;
For knaves and fools being near of kin,
As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best,
To damn the public interest ;
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ;
T' out-cant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats, that play one game,
Are both defeated of their aim ;
So those who play a game of State,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there 's nothing lost nor won,
The public bus'ness is undone,
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This, when the Royalists perceived
(Who to their faith as firmly cleaved,
And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown),
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided.
For though outnumber'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,

Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game;
True as the dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shined upon.
But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the Devil,
Began once more, to show them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day;
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes;
Convened at midnight in out-houses,
T' appoint new rising rendezvouses;
And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started;
And, as if Nature too in haste,
To furnish our supplies as fast,
Before her time had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increased
The more, the more they were suppress'd;
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, nor confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling;
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the right;

From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the Crown :
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws ;
And proved no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle on the nation ;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loy'lty in possession ;
And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
  Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
Did Oliver give up his reign ; [1]
And was believed, as well by Saints,
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retrieved by Sterry, [2]
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the new Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall ;
Whither it was decreed by fate
His precious reliques to translate.
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator ; [3]
From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation.
  Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant ;

[1] 'Did Oliver give up his reign :' at Oliver's death was a most furious tempest.—[2] 'Sterry :' a person who announced after Cromwell's death that he was 'ascended to heaven.' —[3] 'Senator :' Proculus, who made oath that Romulus appeared to him after his death.

And then sunk underneath the state,
That rode him above horseman's weight.
And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'd yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such bowel-hankerings
To see an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of justice, government, and law ;
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns ; [1]
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's [2] old outgoings ;
Who, for a weathercock hung up,
Upon their mother-church's top ;
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations since ;
And now fulfill'd by his successors,
Who equally mistook their measures :
For, when they came to shape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddle ;
But found their lights and gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd ;
While every individual Brother
Strove hand to fist against another ;
And still the maddest, and most crack'd,
Were found the busiest to transact :
For though most hands despatch apace,
And make light work (the proverb says),
Yet many different intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects ;
And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.

[1] 'Hans-towns :' name of Dutch associated towns. — [2] 'John of Leyden :' John Buckold, Becold, or Bokelson, an Anabaptist tailor (some say a shoemaker or cobbler) of Leyden.

Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd
For Fleetwood,[1] Desborough,[2] and Lambert:[3]
Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety:[4]
Some for the Gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That used to make such hostile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excise;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage
Of holidays, and paying poundage:
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying baker's loaves;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slavery of obedience.
Some were for Gospel ministers,
And some for red-coat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other sword.

[1] 'Fleetwood:' was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, O. Cromwell's eldest daughter. — [2] 'Desborough:' a yeoman, who married Cromwell's sister.—[3] 'Lambert:' one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II.—[4] 'Safety:' Committee of Safety, a number of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time.

Some were for carrying on the work
Against the Pope, and some the Turk ;
Some for engaging to suppress
The camisado[1] of Surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery, than Gospel light :
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb
(As wise as ringing of a pig,
That used to break up ground, and dig) ;
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage still.
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;[2]
And some against all idolizing
The Cross in shop-books, or baptizing :
Others, to make all things recant
The Christian, or Sirname of Saint ;
And force all churches, streets, and towns.
The holy title to renounce :
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
And bringing down the price of coals :
Some for abolishing black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in ;
To abrogate them roots and branches ;
While others were for eating haunches

[1] 'Camisado:' a shirt worn over armour by soldiers at night—figuratively, a surplice. — [2] 'Linsey-woolsey in the nation:' some were for Judaising, or observing some of the laws peculiar to that people, linsey-woolsey being forbidden by the law.

Of warriors, and now and then
The flesh of kings and mighty men;
And some for breaking of their bones
With rods of ir'n, by secret ones;
For thrashing mountains, and with spells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked sore afeard of.
  The quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness, and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And save their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worse than all th' had 'scaped in war;
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the pulses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
  'Mong these there was a politician,[1]
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in every one
Than all the Whores of Babylon:
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy;

[1] 'Politician:' Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury, who complied with every change in those times.

That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink :
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play.
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in every one :
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall :
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his interest with the new one ;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanced.
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide ;
But got the start of every State,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late ;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath :
By turning, wriggle like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went :
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon
The public ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand ;
For, when h' had got himself a name
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ;

Had forced his neck into a noose,
To show his play at fast and loose ;
And, when he chanced t' escape, mistook,
For art and subtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit ;
And both together most profound
At deeds of darkness under ground :
As th' earth is easiest undermined
By vermin impotent and blind.

By all these arts, and many more,
H' had practised long and much before,
Our State-artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints ;
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind ;
And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons :
So guilty sinners in a State
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.
He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he could, t' insure his throat ;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What courses other riskers took ;
And to the utmost do his best
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,[1]
As busy and perverse a Brother,

[1] 'Another:' Lilburn the Quaker.

An haberdasher of small wares,
In politics and State affairs:
More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
And better gifted to rebel:
For, when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
He scorn'd to set his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further:
So suddenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatsoe'er it chanced to prove,
No force of argument could move;
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Could render half a grain less stubborn:
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear delight to wrangle:
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong he ne'er was non-pluss'd;
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to picqueer,[1]
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy;
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teazing;
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.

[1] 'Picqueer:' skirmish.

For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
And back'd their feeble want of sense,
With greater heat and confidence :
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated :
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest.
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body, worshipp'd it ;
But when he found the sullen trapes
Possess'd with th' Devil, worms, and claps ;
The Trojan mare,[1] in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common ; [2]
He still resolved to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
And still the skittisher and looser
Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.
For fools are stubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay :
And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And close in consultation set ;

[1] 'Mare:' alluding to Trojan horse. — [2] 'Dol Common:' a character in Jonson's 'Alchymist.'

After a discontented pause,
And not without sufficient cause,
The orator we named of late,
Less troubled with the pangs of state,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himself first audience ;
After he had awhile look'd wise,
At last broke silence and the ice.
Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt
Our last outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scored upon every member's forehead :
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns :
And, since our workings-out are cross'd,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others :
But in their own sense only swore
To strive to run away before ;
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mongrel church :
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on 't,

As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)[1]
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What answer was to be return'd.
Else why should tumults fright us now,
We have so many times gone through,
And understand as well to tame,
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?
Have proved how inconsiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whose frenzies must be reconciled,
With drums, and rattles, like a child:
But never proved so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our scouring of religion
Began with tumults and sedition:
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became strong motives to devotion
(As carnal seamen, in a storm,
Turn pious converts, and reform):
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,[2]
Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
And brown bills, levy'd in the city,
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves;
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit, t' old iron, and the Cause:
And as we thrived by tumults then,
So might we better now again,

[1] 'Marg'ret's fast:' one appointed shortly after Cromwell's death.—
[2] 'Chalk'd edges:' to fight with rusty or poisoned weapons was against the law of arms; so when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edges.

If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need :
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant, are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears.
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets ;
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts,
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes ;
And neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away ;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;
No mean nor trivial solace
To partners in extreme distress ;
Who use to lessen their despairs
By parting them int' equal shares ;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier :
And every one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit ;

Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our last and best defence, despair :
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achieved in greatest straits ;
And horrid'st dangers safely waved,
By being courageously out-braved ;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poisons by themselves expell'd :
And so they might be now again,
If we were, what we should be, men ;
And not so dully desperate
To side against ourselves with Fate :
As criminals condemn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And setting up exauns[1] of Saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excused the efficace :
For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
Or St Ignatius,[2] at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon Church or State :
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,
And since obedience is better
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on 't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescribed their peremptory hints ;

[1] 'Exauns:' for exempts, *i. e.*, free from service. — [2] 'St Ignatius: Loyola, who was said to rise in the air when praying.

Or any opinion, true or false,
Declared as such, in doctrinals :
But left at large to make their best on,
Without being call'd t' account or question :
Interpret all the spleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells ;
And bid themselves turn back again
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem :
But look so big and overgrown,
They scorn their edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
Their tones and sanctify'd expressions ;
Bestow'd their gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity on those that want ;
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes ;
For which they scorn and hate them worse,
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach the House of Commons' way ;
Where had they all their gifted phrases,
But from our Calamys and Cases ? [1]
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield ; [2]
And, had they not begun the war,
They' d ne'er been sainted as they are :
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate ;

[1] 'Calamy and Case :' were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents. — [2] 'Adoniram Byfield :' a zealous Covenanter, one of the writers to the Assembly of Divines, and printed the Directory.

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
Abates the sharpness of its edge,
Without the power of sacrilege:
And though they 've tricks to cast their sins,
As easy as serpents do their skins,
That in a while grow out again;
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And from the most refined of saints
As nat'rally grow miscreants,
As barnacles turn Solan geese,[1]
In th' islands of the Orcades.
Their Dispensation 's but a ticket,
For their conforming to the wicked;
With whom the greatest difference
Lies more in words and show than sense:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of Heaven, wears three crowns of state;
So he that keeps the gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;
And if the world has any troth,
Some have been canonized in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated sots
In fever still like other goats:
For though the Whore bends heretics,
With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
Our schismatics so vastly differ,
Th' hotter they 're, they grow the stiffer;

[1] 'Barnacles turn Solan geese:' it was said, that, in the Orkneys of Scotland, there are trees which bear these barnacles, which, dropping into the water, become Solan geese.

Still setting off their spiritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
For Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of dependences;
Turns meek and secret sneaking ones
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones;
And not content with endless quarrels,
Against the wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's brotherhood,
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suffering for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause;
For, though endured with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution:
Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Bretheren,
Instead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bel 's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;
When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?

Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engaged with bulls, let go their hold,
And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take ?
But though no power of Heaven or Hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes,
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while ;
At least until th' had a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies ?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their workings-out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We, whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only of plunder,
Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To out-reform, and undermine ;
Took all our int'rests and commands
Perfidiously out of our hands ;
Involved us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd ;
And made us serve as ministerial,
Like younger sons of Father Belial :
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,

We never fail'd to carry on
The work still, as we had begun ;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the State
Was forced (before them) to be at ;
That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts ;
And burnt our vessels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for being true ;
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
Held for the Cause against all others,
Disdaining equally to yield
One syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and constant frame
Of spirit, still were near the same.
And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace ;
But join'd our gifts perpetually
Against the common enemy.
Although 'twas our and their opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon :[1]
And yet for all this Gospel union,
And outward show of church-communion,

[1] 'Rimmon:' 2 Kings v. 18.

They 'd ne'er admit us to our shares
Of ruling Church or State affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own conditions of repentance;
But shared our dividend o' the Crown,
We had so painfully preach'd down;
And forced us, though against the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again:[1]
For 'twas but justice to restore
The wrongs we had received before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who, for the right w' have done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal salvation,
And put our vessels in a way
Once more to come again in play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about;
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least in carrying on th' affair.
But whether that be so, or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought,
And that 's as good as if w' had done 't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For, if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is nat'rally averse
To all the truth it sees or hears;

[1] 'Up again:' alluding to the Presbyterian plot, 1651, to restore the king, called Love's Plot.

But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony :
And though it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong ;
As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild ;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that 's wholesome :
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles,
Turn round upon their ears, the poles ;
And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapses make diseases
More desp'rate than their first accesses,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before ;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' mystery, to do our part.
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create, than make ;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Raised funds, as strange, to carry 't on ;
Trepann'd the State, and faced it down,
With plots and projects of our own :
And, if we did such feats at first,
What can we now we 're better versed ?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline.
To which it was reveal'd long since
We were ordain'd by Providence ;

When three Saints' ears,[1] our predecessors,
The Cause's primitive confessors,
Being crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by six, express'd
The perfect number of the Beast;
And proved that we must be the men,
To bring this work about again;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work but we alone?
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions
O'er brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of Heaven and their warehouses:
Who, when the Cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be disposed at their commands,
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury:
Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions;
And share them from blue ribbands down
To all blue aprons in the town;[2]
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,

[1] 'Three saints' ears:' Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick. — [2] 'Blue aprons in the town:' alluding to the many preachers in blue aprons in those times.

To bawds as fat as Mother Nab;
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party 's great, and better ty'd
With oaths, and trade, than any side;
Has one considerable improvement,
To double fortify the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenant, to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's:
That pass in sale from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land;
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions:
Our best reserve for Reformation,
When new out-goings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
And, when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient;
Who can already muster friends,
To serve for members to our ends:
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-Folly Congregation:[1]
Are only tools to our intrigues,
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,
Who, by their presidents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,
Can order matters under-hand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand;
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;

[1] 'Fisher's-Folly Congregation:' a house so called, built by one Jasper Fisher.

And make the nation represent,
And serve for us, in Parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none;
Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,[1]
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, though we do not play the game,
Assist us much by giving aim.
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a casting voice comes to,
That turns up trump, of *Ay* or *No;*
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that so much study cost,
And now 's in danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook;
And practised down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door:

[1] 'Bulls of Lenthal:' the Long Parliament, — from Lenthal, who was the Speaker.

Besides the herds of Boutefeus,
We set on work without the house ;
When every knight and citizen,
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points of the rabble's sense ;
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes :
Set up committees of cabals
To pack designs without the walls ;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use ;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And every one his part rehearse ;
Make Q's of answers, to way-lay
What th' other party 's like to say :
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections :
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions :
And treason for a token send,
By letter to a country friend :
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit ;
Wit falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does, betrays ;
Who therefore dares not trust it, when
He 's in his calling to be seen.
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations :

For charlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd ;
And, when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't ;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure ;
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution.
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ;
And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen :
Disdain to own the least regret,
For all the Christian blood w' have let ;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain
Our title to do so again ;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things else ;
Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses :
While those who turn and wind their oaths,
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;
Prevail'd awhile, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they swung :
As they had turn'd from side to side,
And, as the changelings lived, they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient States-monger
Could now contain himself no longer ;
Who had not spared to show his piques,
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks, of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces ;

After h' had administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernol, [1]
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:
  In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
'Twas point-black nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate, to aid:
Unless, because you drove him out
(And that was never made a doubt),
No power is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your score:
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses,
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dress'd with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good-nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
Those who have try'd them can determine.

[1] 'Outward jobbernol:' the same with jolter-head, logger-head.

Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon the ungrateful nation,
Be used s' unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward.
For letting Rapine loose, and Murder,
To rage just so far, but no further;
And setting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher:
For venturing to assassinate
And cut the throats of Church and State;
And not be allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both again:
Especially, that have the grace
Of self-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those you painfuly trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second-hand;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood devoutly spilt:
For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at backgammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the self-same score);
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had lost us, at foul play;
And brought you down to rook, and lie,
And fancy only, on the bye;

Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles;
And rescued all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like alligators:
For which ingeniously y' have show'd
Your Presbyterian gratitude;
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Those were your motives to divide,
And scruple, on the other side;
To turn your zealous frauds, and force
To fits of conscience, and remorse;
To be convinced they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinced to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and false;
To charge us with the consequences
Of all your native insolences;
That to your own imperious wills,
Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects
With murder, and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to sow upon;
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran:
Denounced and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cushion;

Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
And Knightsbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
As bad as Bloody-Bones, or Lunsford;[1]
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Because they went not out to battle:
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;[2]
And rather forfeit their indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints' adventures:
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus:
Enchant the King's and Church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill[3] had done of old;
Could turn the Cov'nant, and translate
The Gospel into spoons and plate:
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
And open th' intricatest places:
Could catechise a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;

[1] 'Lunsford:' Colonel—an object of great terror to the Parliamentary party. — [2] 'Transform'd to Meroz:' Judges v. 23.— [3] 'Marcly-hill:' a hill in Herefordshire, which, in 1675, was shaken and elevated by an earthquake.

Until the Cause became a Damon
And Pythias, the wicked Mammon.
And yet, in spite of all your charms,
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raise more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to cast out;
Y' have been reduced, and by those fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own schools;
Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit:
By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command:
Out-gifted, out-impulsed, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on.
Of all your dispensations worm'd,
Out-providenced and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And spirited out of th' enjoyments,
Of precious edifying employments,
By those who lodged their gifts and graces
Like better bowlers in your places:
All which you bore, with resolution,
Charged on th' account of persecution;
And though most righteously oppress'd,
Against your wills, still acquiesced;
And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
Nor snuffled treason, nor misprison.
That is, because you never durst;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your posse of the rabble:
One single redcoat sentinel
Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;

And, with his squirt-fire could disperse
Whole troops with chapter raised and verse.
We knew too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers;
Or trust our safeties or undoings
To your disposing of outgoings;
Or to your ordering Providence,
One farthing's worth of consequence.
  For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a design;
Or correspondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man;
There 's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to use the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to restore,
That could not keep yourselves in power;
T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
  'Tis true, you have (for I 'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduced by Sin:
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence;
Your carrying business in a huddle,
That forced our rulers to new-model;
Obliged the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croysado-General.[1]

[1] 'Croysado-General:' General Fairfax.

Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches' power ;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net :
Your spite to see the Church's lands
Divided into other hands ;
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures :
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under churches in the town ;
And no course used to stop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' spreading growths :
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics :
And this way you may claim a share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ;
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From taskmasters and slavery,
Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indifferent man's conceit.
For who e'er heard of Restoration,
Until your thorough Reformation ?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands :
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open to restore.
And, when the work was carrying on,
Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?

As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
  But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you should deny 't;
Where Henderson,[1] and th' other Masses,[2]
Were sent to cap texts and put cases:
To pass for deep and learned scholars,
Although but paltry Ob[3] and Sollers:
As if th' unseasonable fools
Had been a-coursing in the schools:
Until th' had proved the Devil author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter.
For, when they charged him with the guilt
Of all the blood that had been spilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' effusion,
In person, like Sir Pride, or Hewson;[4]
But only those who first begun
The quarrel, were by him set on.
And who could those be but the Saints.
Those Reformation termagants?
But, ere this pass'd, the wise debate
Spent so much time, it grew too late;
For Oliver had gotten ground,
T' enclose him with his warriors round:
Had brought his providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.
  Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness;
When from a scoundrel holder-forth,[5]
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,

[1] 'Henderson:' wrong—the brave Henderson was then dead.—[2] 'Masses:' *i. e.*, masters.—[3] 'Ob,' &c.: nicknames for Henderson, &c.—[4] 'Pride and Hewson:' noted members of Cromwell's Upper House.—[5] 'A scoundrel holder-forth:' Christopher Love.

Your mighty senators took law,
At his command, were forced t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To doctrine, use, and application.
So, when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and moneys,
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid;
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends:
You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shows what utensils y' have been
To bring the King's concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you:
And, if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just:
Such as will punctually repay
With double interest, and betray.
  Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part;
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some;
Who change them for the same intrigues
That statesmen use in breaking leagues:
While others, in old faiths and troths,
Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes:

And nastier, in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen.
For True and Faithful 's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes ;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedged in.
While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right ;
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.
And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights and dreams.
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give ;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches ;
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own :
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding :
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant, all courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again ;
The only way that 's left us now,
But all the difficulty 's, how ?
'Tis true, w' have money, the only power
That all mankind fall down before ;
Money, that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things ;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way ;

As long as men have faith to sell.
And meet with those that can pay well :
Whose half-starved pride and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice,
T' expose to sale, beside the wages,
Of storing plagues to after ages.
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down :
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon 't :
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win ?
We know the arts we used before,
In peace and war, and something more ;
And, by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments :
For, when w' are taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choused !
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not their secret springs and weights ;
And, while they 're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please.
How easy is 't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements !
To keep the good old Cause on foot,
And present power from taking root ;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms ;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side ;
Profess the passionat'st concerns,
For both their interests, by turns ;
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none

(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpose false, and to be sway'd) ;
For, if we should be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together ;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party,
In vigour, confident and hearty :
To reconcile our late Dissenters,
Our brethren, though by other venters ;
Unite them and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in faggots ;
And make them join again as close,
As when they first began t' espouse
Erect them into separate
New Jewish tribes, in Church and State ;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only among themselves converse ;
And all, that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind :
Take all religions in, and stickle
From conclave down to conventicle ;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being.
Sometimes, for liberty of conscience,
And spiritual misrule, in one sense ;
But in another quite contrary,
As Dispensations chance to vary ;
And stand for, as the times will bear it,
All contradictions of the Spirit :
Protect their emissaries, empower'd
To preach Sedition and the Word :
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
Release the lab'rers for the Cause ;

And turn the persecution back
On those that made the first attack ;
To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking or maintaining law :
And when they have their fits too soon,
Before the full tides of the Moon ;
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
For sowing faction in, and treason ;
And keep them hooded, and their churches,
Like hawks from baiting on their perches.
That when the blessed time shall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to restore
Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.
Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence
Against revolts of providence ;
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen :
For, if success could make us saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants ;
A scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepared.
These are the courses we must run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone ;
And not to stand on terms and freaks,
Before we have secured our necks :
But do our work, as out of sight,
As stars by day, and suns by night ;
All licence of the people own,
In opposition to the Crown ;
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The head and body to divide ;
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind.

Be sure to spare no public rapine,
On all emergencies that happen ;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as men in want :
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other trade ;
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver ;
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the factory of sects ;
The rule of faith in all professions,
And great Diana of th' Ephesians :
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade ;
And, though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a course,
And draw in store of customers,
To thrive the better in commerce.
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
To nab[1] the itches of their sects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ;
As persecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
  Let business, like ill watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;
For things in order are put out
So easy, ease itself will do 't :

[1] 'Nab:' rub.

But, when the feat 's design'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event ?
For 'tis more easy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All possible occasions start,
The weightiest matters to divert ;
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in affairs of less import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;
And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust :
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own ;
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State :
Express the horrid'st detestation,
And pity the distracted nation ;
Tell stories scandalous, and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs).
Entrust it under solemn vows
Of *Mum*, and *Silence*, and the *Rose :*
To be retail'd again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste ;

Who stared about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath;
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:
  That beastly rabble,—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls and shop-boards, in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Bishops—out of door;
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese;
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages:
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And every representative
Have vowed to roast—and broil alive.
  And 'tis a miracle, we are not
Already sacrificed incarnate:
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state;
That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
Proscribed in law, and executed;
And, while the work is carrying on,

Be ready listed under Dun,[1]
That worthy patriot, once the bellows
And tinder-box of all his fellows;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive;
Who, for his faithful service then
Is chosen for a fifth again[2]
(For, since the State has made a quint
Of generals, he 's listed in 't).
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie his own way;
For, moulded to the life in clouts,
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He 's mounted on a hazel bavin,[3]
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
Th' have roasted Cook[4] already, and Pride in:
On whom, in equipage and state,
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As, at thanksgivings, th' used to do;
Each in a tatter'd talisman,
Like vermin in effigy slain.
But (what 's more dreadful than the rest)
Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish engineers,
As by the crackers plainly appears;
For none but Jesuits have a mission
To preach the faith with ammunition,

[1] 'Listed under Dun:' Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. — [2] 'Fifth again:' Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641–42.— [3] 'Hazel bavin:' alluding to Hazlerig's name; bavin signifies a brush faggot.— [4] 'Cook:' the solicitor in the king's trial.

And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.[1]
These spiritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her stores,
Since first they fail'd in their designs,
To take in Heaven, by springing mines,[2]
And, with unanswerable barrels
Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels;
Now take a course more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble;
And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguised in rumps, like sambenites;[3]
More like to ruin, and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
  Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of state mysteries;
Though some suppose 'twas but to show
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few;
Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.
But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far fetches;
And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,[4]
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
For, as th' Egyptians used by bees,[5]
T' express their antique Ptolemies;
And, by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power;

[1] 'Blown-up soldier:' Ignatius Loyola. — [2] 'Mines:' gunpowder plot. — [3] 'Like sambenites:' sambenito, a coat of coarse cloth, in which penitents are reconciled to the Church of Rome. — [4] 'Kircherus:' Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, has wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. — [5] 'Egyptians used by bees:' the Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails ;
And, when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state :
They thought all governments were best
By hieroglyphic rumps express'd.
For, as, in bodies natural,
The rump 's the fundament of all ;
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the helm ;
With which, like vessels under sail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail ;
The tail which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with, through sea and air ;
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shows how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump :
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head ;
So, in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers ;
That horsed us on their backs, to show us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there 's a bone, which they call *Luez*,
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to ;
And therefore, at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed :
From whence the learned sons of Art,
Os sacrum, justly style that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament;
That, after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reversions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
But now, alas! they 're all expired,
And th' house, as well as members, fired;
Consumed in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress,
And paltry private wretchedness;
Worse than the Devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of restoration;
And parted, like the body and soul,
From all dominion and control.
We, who could lately, with a look,
Enact, establish, or revoke;
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluster of whose huff,
All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
Adored and bow'd to, by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats;
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin 's just as low as high;
Which might be suffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:
For some of us have scores more large
Than heads and quarters can discharge;
And others, who, by restless scraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,

Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
Would gladly lay down all at last;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their vessels on perpetual jail;
And bless the Devil to let them farms
Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.
  This said, a near and louder shout
Put all th' assembly to the rout;
Who now began t' outrun their fear,
As horses do, from those they bear:
But crowded on with so much haste,
Until th' had block'd the passage fast,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled piece
Of all their crush'd and broken members,
Than have them grilly'd on the embers;
Still pressing on with heavy packs,
Of one another on their backs;
The vanguard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled sorely under foot:
Yet nothing proved so formidable,
As the horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As lesser pains are by the gout,
Relieved 'em with a fresh supply
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan running horse,
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight,
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
He plods to turn his amorous suit
T' a plea in law, and prosecute:
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter,
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination;
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves?
For Fear does things so like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of senses,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Rosicrucian virtuosos
Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
And, when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by fear;
That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
And hag themselves with apparitions;
And, when their eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest objects best;
Do things, not contrary, alone,
To th' course of Nature, but its own;

The courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn poltroons as valiant:
For men as resolute appear,
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying;
Or turn again to stand it out,
And those they fled, like lions, rout.
  This Hudibras had proved too true,
Who, by the Furies, left perdue,
And haunted with detachments, sent
From Marshal Legion's regiment,
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Relieved and rescued with a cheat;
When nothing but himself, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer:
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
It follows in due form of poesy.
  Disguised in all the masks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled:
He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity of speed;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear;
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer side

(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse,
And, when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift);
So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste:
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid,
And forced him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape;
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no sooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight;
And while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person,
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She order'd th' antimasquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid:
But when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, and Furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believed) began to moan,
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;

And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
And thought, because they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the Saint's and Devil's part,
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He stared upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy Independent pug,
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
Your bosom friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,
And from th' enchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;
Which you would gratefully repay
Your constant Presbyterian way.
That 's stranger (quoth th' Knight) and stranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursued, and took me prisoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out;
Where I, in hugger-mugger, hid,
Have noted all they said or did;
And, though they lay to him the pageant,
I did not see him, nor his agent;

Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,
That play'd the Dev'l to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown;
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believed it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer,[1]
That to our churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none, but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?
Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Devil a while, to nick your wit;

[1] 'The reverend writer:' several persons are candidates for identification here.

The Devil, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain;
Perceived, by losing of their way,
They 'd gain'd the advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventured to dismiss his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back.
For, having paused to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd;
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolved to re-engage,
Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise;
And, when I 'ad half reduced the place,
To quit it infamously base;
Was better cover'd by the new
Arrived detachment, than I knew;
To slight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won;

And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost;
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conqu'ring, run away by night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presumed to do;
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
Exposed in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Lest, if they ventured to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assumed my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs;
To mount two-wheel'd caroches,[1] worse
Than managing a wooden horse;
Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
Erased, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, though th' attempt had proved in vain,
Had had no reason to complain:
But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
And rescued your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforced,
And we disabled, and unhorsed,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but hasty flight;

[1] 'Caroches:' a cart in which criminals are carried to be hanged.

Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt,
Has given you freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again :
No martial project to surprise
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bangs of man and beast
Are fit for nothing now but rest ;
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable :
And therefore I, with reason, chose
This stratagem, t' amuse our foes,
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat :
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Hence timely running 's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art ;
By which some glorious feats achieve,
As citizens, by breaking, thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They seem to draw off and recoil ;
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of brains ;
And in the end prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;

As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only saved a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If every one would save but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most?
By this means, when a battle 's won,
The war 's as far from being done;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new editions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome:
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells:
And, though reduced to that extreme,
They have been forced to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 've raised recruits, and fill'd their banks:
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And, when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race;

And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Restored the fainting high and mighty
With brandy, wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With Bacrack,[1] Hoccamore,[2] and Mum;[3]
Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
To victory necessitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or else their sultan populaces
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.
Quoth Hudibras, I understand
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
And who those were that ran away,
And yet gave out they 'd won the day;
Although the rabble soused them for 't
O'er head and ears in mud and dirt.
'Tis true, our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not so resolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old:
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unless it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of provision,
The whole design o' th' expedition;
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way;

[1] 'Bacrack,' or baccharack: a wine from Bachiæra, a town on the Rhine. — [2] 'Hoccamore:' old hock. — [3] 'Mum:' a kind of ale; see 'Antiquary.'

To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their stubborn guts to death;
And those achieve the high'st renown,
That bring the other stomachs down.
There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduced to famine;
And feats of arms, to plot, design,
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;
But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory, or forage:
For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side, vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charged unmercifully i' th' rear;
And forced, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance;
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted
The certainer they 're to be parted;
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, Who 's stout and bold?
But, Who bears hunger best and cold?
And he 's approved the most deserving
Who longest can hold out at starving:
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.

So th' Emperor Caligula,[1]
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops:
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely ate his captives up;
And left all war by his example,
Reduced to vict'lling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging battle to subdue her:
Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into amorous fancies;
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And stout Rinaldo[2] gain'd his bride,
By courting of her back and side.
But, since those times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such addresses to be gain'd;
And if they were, would have it out,
With many another kind of bout.

[1] 'Caligula:' see Suetonius. — [2] 'Rinaldo:' see Tasso.

Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel;
To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
Of ladies-errant, force of arms;
But rather strive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;
For which so many, that renounced
Their plighted contracts, have been trounced;
And bills upon record been found,
That forced the ladies to compound;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the business you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war,
In which the law does execution,
With less disorder and confusion;
Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old;
When those the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are managed chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms;

And whatsoe'er 's achieved in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close;
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to, ere ye 've done.
  The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the most perfidious lover,
A lady, that 's as false, recover;
And, if it judge upon your side,
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.
  For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And managed by the ablest sages;
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons,
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans;
They never manage the contest
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our commonwealth, the Cause, and side;
And though we 're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle;
While lawyers have more sober sense,
Than to argue at their own expense,
But make their best advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;

And out of foreign controversies,
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;
But have no int'rest in the cause
For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
Nor further prospect than their pay,
Whether they lose or win the day.
And though th' abounded in all ages,
With sundry learned clerks and sages;
Though all their business be dispute,
Which way they canvass every suit,
They 've no disputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert:
While all professions else are found
With nothing but disputes t' abound:
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
Philosophers, mathematicians;
The Galenist, and Paracelsian,[1]
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomists dissect and mangle,
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
Astrologers dispute their dreams,
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;
And heralds stickle, who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wise a nation,
T' expose their trade to disputation;
Or make the busy rabble judges
Of all their secret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profession 's sure to pay.
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats;

[1] 'Galenist and Paracelsian:' two sects in medicine deriving their names from Galen and Paracelsus.

When in all other sciences
They swarm like insects, and increase.
For what bigot durst ever draw,
By inward light a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An answer to a declaration?
For those that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers if they 're fools:
And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies;
They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who used with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own
(All plagiaries' constant course
Of sinking when they take a purse),
Resolved to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution, as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest,
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There 's nothing sillier, nor vainer:
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing 's certain, but th' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;

And if she should—which Heaven forbid—
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-course have I to take,
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
He that with injury is grieved,
And goes to law, to be relieved,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult to play.
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worse;
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she 's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad games are thrown up too soon,
Until they 're never to be won:
But since I have no other course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him.
For I 've received advertisement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And, knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains;

For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand;
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprise;
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years at Bridewell Dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's Hall;
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;[1]
Where, in all governments and times,
He 'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And used two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cartloads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony,
To Puddle Dock,[2] for want of money;

[1] 'And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all:' a term used by jugglers.—[2] 'Puddle Dock:' a jail for petty offenders.

Engaged the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace ;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords ;
And kept them prisoners of course
For being sober at ill hours ;
That in the morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over, for his fee :
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise, in their ways ;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground ;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most ;
Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,[1]
And, for false weights, on chandelers ;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine ;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend :
As residentiary bawds
And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church-duties, and his fees :
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interloped and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs ;

[1] 'Imposed a tax on bakers' ears :' took a bribe, to save their ears.

And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money placed for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case :
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As the other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
  Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me ;—
Better, and better still, quoth he :
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.—
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When h' has confess'd, he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me ?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods ?—Ah, whoreson.
Or, if tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial ?—Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him ?—True.
Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case has the better end on 't ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action ?—Better still.

Then there 's a lady too—Ay, marry :
That 's easily proved accessary ;
A Widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord !
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,
To tamper with the Devil of hell ;
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good again.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night :
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir (quoth the Lawyer), not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim.
For, if they 've used you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I 'd give
More than I 'll say, or you 'll believe :
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose :
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,

As upon any case I 've known ;
But we that practise dare not own :
The law severely contrabands
Our taking business off men's hands ;
'Tis common barratry,[1] that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather
To stick a pin in left of either ;
For which, some do the summer-sault,[2]
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault :
But you may swear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the State :
For, in all courts of justice here,
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath ; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined,
Like Charity ; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket, into Nokes's,
As easily as *hocus pocus ;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius.*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass ;

[1] 'Barratry :' from *barret*, a wrangling suit.—[2] 'Summer-sault :' (*soubresalte*, Fr.), a feat of activity shown by a tumbler—thus were unfair practitioners thrown over the bar.

The bus'ness to the law 's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon:
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To affidavit-customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or *tales*,[1]
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that (quoth he), let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That 's well (quoth he), but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch;[2]
And, when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns:
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle, and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies:
And, if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;

[1] '*Tales:*' a word used in our common law, for a supply of men impanelled upon a jury or inquest, and not appearing or challenged.— [2] 'Bongey' was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon.

And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper,
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temples, under trees;
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls:
And, when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
  I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gauge of laws;
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces;
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee:
I long to practise your advice,
And try the subtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid:
As, not long after, thus he did;

For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ:

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I, who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as famed a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle,
By you turn'd out to grass with cattle:
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the Paradise
Of your good graces, and fair eyes;
Lost to the world, and you, I 'm sent
To everlasting banishment;
Where all the hopes I had t' have won
Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your doom before you hear,
You 'd find, upon my just defence,
How much you 've wrong'd my innocence.
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, because it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as you 'd have it thought;
To undergo the loss of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there 's a difference in the case,
Between the noble and the base;

Who always are observed t' have done 't
Upon as different an account:
The one for great and weighty cause,
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it sooner,
Than those who 're nicest of their honour:
The other, for base gain and pay,
Forswear and perjure by the day;
And make th' exposing and retailing
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.
It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
Upon a great and noble person,
To say, he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old fashion'd trick, to keep his word;
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
In meaner men, to do the same:
For to be able to forget
Is found more useful to the great
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
But though the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not just, that does exempt
The guilty, and punish th' innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forsworn,
Another to be cropp'd or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't.
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,

Does not so much deserve her favour
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye 've acknowledged I have done,
Although ye now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service, than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judged how far th' engage;
And, where the sense by custom 's check'd,
Are found void and of none effect.
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allowed
In love a greater latitude?
For, as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be overruled by those made after?

Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that 's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive;
Controls the mighty power of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature that restores,
As fast as Time and Death devours;
To whose free gift the world does owe,
Not only Earth, but Heaven too:
For love 's the only trade that 's driven,
The interest of state in Heaven,
Which nothing, but the soul of man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but love,
To represent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converse,
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?
Address and compliment by vision,
Make love and court by intuition?
And burn in amorous flames as fierce
As those celestial ministers?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to so great an end?
Or Heaven itself a sin resent,
That for its own supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind mistake,
A pardon for th' offence's sake?
Or, if it did not, but the cause
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can disapprove
There should be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,

That have no passion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict;
But to have power to forgive
Is empire, and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon, than condemn.
Then, since so few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault:
For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return,
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was used so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Insulted on, reviled, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And, when your sex was foully scandall'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows:
And, after all to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard;
When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick, for being kick'd?
  Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites,

That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye:
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes:
As pirates all false colours wear,
T' entrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' less subtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In towers, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;[1]
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress, but the more a slave;
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands;

[1] 'Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard:' one of the Assembly of Divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard. See a poem in the 'Remains.'

Which he 's obliged t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withstand,
Since force is greater than command ?
And, when necessity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad :
And therefore, when the mighty powers
Of Love, our great ally, and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood ;
All I have done unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will ;
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess'd
Against my will and interest
More than is daily done, of course,
By all men when they 're under force :
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
But are no sooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But, when the Devil turns confessor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under :
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiser done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The first that on th' adventure went ;
All mankind ever did of course,
And daily does the same, or worse.

For what romance can show a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not steer a nearer course,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at first was held a crime,
Has turn'd to honourable in time.
To what a height did infant Rome,
By ravishing of women, come?
When men upon their spouses seized,
And freely married where they pleased:
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo;
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,
Nor juggled about settlements;
Did need no licence, nor no priest,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;
Nor lawyers, to join land and money,
In th' holy state of matrimony,
Before they settled hands and hearts
Till alimony, or death, departs:
Nor would endure to stay until
They 'd got the very bride's good-will;
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies—downright force:
And justly made 'em prisoners then,
As they have, often since, us men:
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;
And, when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure:
For, after matrimony 's over,
He that holds out but half a lover

Deserves, for every minute, more
Than half a year of love before ;
For which the dames in contemplation
Of that best way of application,
Proved nobler wives than e'er were known
By suit, or treaty, to be won ;
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own ;
And therefore men have power to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse ;
And gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should every savage beast
Exceed his great Lord's interest ?
Have freer power, than He, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has ?
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the power he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women ;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to suspend ;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause is to rebel.

This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives ;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in slavery :
And this some precious gifted teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault.
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
  Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to show
Excess of love and temper too :
All I have said that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you ;
Who have so sovereign a control
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventured loss of Heaven too ;
Both with an equal power possess'd,
To render all that serve you bless'd :
But none like him, who 's destined either
To have or lose you both together.
And if you 'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please),
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore ;
And expiate, upon my skin,
Th' arrears in full of all my sin.

For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance, for delay;
Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believed h' had brought her to his whistle;
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over;
Subscribed his name, but at a fit
And humble distance to his wit;
And dated it with wondrous art,
Given from th' bottom of his heart;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking fagot,—and above,
Upon a scroll—"I burn and weep,"
And near it—"For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present:"
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.
She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter:
But, guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout;
Resolved to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd:

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

That you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,

At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,[1]
When both your sword and spurs were won,
In combat, by an Amazon:
That sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in single fight,
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight;
Your heels degraded of your spurs,
And in the stocks close prisoners,
Where still they 'd lain, in base restraint,
If I, in pity of your complaint,
Had not, on honourable conditions,
Released 'em from the worst of prisons:
And what return that favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When, being free, you strove t' evade
The oaths you had in prison made;
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
But after own'd and justified it:
And when you 'ad falsely broke one vow,
Absolved yourself, by breaking two.
For while you sneakingly submit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discouraged by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And, doubting, 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course;

[1] 'Replevin:' the releasing of cattle, or other goods, distrained, with surety to answer the distrainer's suit.

We have no title nor pretence
To body, soul, or conscience;
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware.
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting;
Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
For charity at once and threat.
But, since you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies;
Or forfeitures, which every lover,
That would but sue for, might recover;
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand;
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire:
Nor can those false St Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear, like Indian dames,[1]
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with;

[1] 'Indian dames:' who wore stones hung at their lips.

But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects:
Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been versed in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know;
And can unriddle by their tones,
Their mystic cabals and jargons:
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous
O' th' charms and graces of my house:
What ecstasy, and scorching flame,
Burns for my money, in my name:
What, from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal;
To these th' address which serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 've suffer'd for their loves, in vain,
I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour lost,
They 'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
  This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,

Which is so wise, the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art;
For love should, like a deodand,[1]
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there 's substance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and sound
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
  But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
  This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have;
And, when the settlement 's in force,
Take all the rest, for better or worse:
For money has a power above
The stars, and Fate, to manage Love;

[1] 'Deodand:' a thing given, or rather forfeited to God, for the pacification of his wrath in case of misadventure.

Whose arrows learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And, though some say, the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,
Who, many times, at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo and contract in their names;
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em:
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money.
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worse than nothing:
And, when they 're at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but, for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud, or force,
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done;
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure, when they do but woo?
Such as beforehand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery;
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their inn'cence to the last;
And when their crimes were made appear,
As plain as witnesses can swear,

Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
So slight, as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
Or credit were not to be lost,
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats, perfidiously, his word,
And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty, *pro* and *con;*
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
These are the virtues, in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In grace and nature, o'er all women:
Of whom no less will satisfy,
Than all the sex, your tyranny.
Although you 'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern such a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were Solomons,
And wise and great as he was once,
You 'll find they 're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And, if you are imposed upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,

That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight:
For when we find ye 're still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that 's a rose, and that a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme;
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences;
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces;
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit.
For, by the practice of those arts,
We gain a greater share of hearts;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost:
For great perfections are, like Heaven,
Too rich a present to be given.
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty;
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flow'rs degenerate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond!
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so, without care.
The whole world, without art and dress
Would be but one great wilderness;

And mankind but a savage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them again:
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not intervened,
How soon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,
Is now our right, to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration.
And if we had not weighty cause
To not appear in making laws,
We could, in spite of all your tricks,
And shallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in show) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You basely, after all your braves,
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves:
And 'cause we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'rests own;
Like sots, suppose we have no shares
In ordering you and your affairs,
When all your empire and command
You have from us at second-hand:

As if a pilot, that appears
To sit still only while he steers,
And does not make a noise and stir,
Like every common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, because we don't appear
In councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserved in close disguise,
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a power unseen,
To govern him, as he does men:
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;[1]
Or Joan de Pucel's braver name[2]
Our right to arms and conduct claim;
Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.
We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong
To th' long robe and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more powerful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight,
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations, how we please.

[1] 'Make emp'rors at our feet fall down:' alluding to Pope Alexander III., who had a meeting with the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa at Venice, and set his feet on his neck. — [2] Joan de Pucell's braver name:' Joan of Arc, called also the Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans.

We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,
And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
By us is all commerce and trade
Improved, and managed, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
We rule in every public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,[1]
And, when h' has chased his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of state,
Untimely raised, or magistrate,
That 's haughty and imperious?
He 's but a journeyman to us;
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
  We are your guardians that increase
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And, as you humour us, can deal,
In all your matters, ill or well.
  'Tis we that can dispose alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please;

[1] 'And to our braver conduct veil:' alluding probably to Sir William Waller.

And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.
Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are used,
Are further off from being reduced;
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilios of our wills.
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy;
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays!
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with a sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of Nature,
And fight at once, with fire and water,
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces and best thoughts;
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known;
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are prepost'rous:
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts;
Expound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause;

Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements.
  And these are all the mighty powers
You vainly boast, to cry down ours;
And what in real value 's wanting
Supply with vapouring and ranting;
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride;
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd and submit;
By your example, lose that right
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;
And, terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salic [1] law:
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race; [2]
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.

[1] 'Salic:' the law among the French, derived from the Salic Franks, excluding women from inheritances and the throne. — [2] 'Truckle to your mighty race:' the Spanish ladies do so.

GENUINE REMAINS.

GENUINE REMAINS.[1]

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.[2]

A LEARN'D Society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay;
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors[3] stole a shire;
T' observe her country, how 'twas planted;
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper'st observations,
For settle-ing of new plantations,
If the Society should incline
T' attempt so glorious a design.

[1] These remains are undoubtedly genuine, although fragmentary. Butler left them with his friend, W. Longueville of the Temple, who had saved him from starving, and buried him. His son, Charles Longueville, bequeathed them to one John Clarke, Esq.; and by him they were handed to Mr Thyer. (See 'Life.') — [2] 'Elephant in the Moon:' a satire on the Royal Society and Sir Paul Neal. (See 'Life.') — [3] 'Surveyors:' Sir W. Petty and others in Cromwell's time.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting;
When at the full her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they Heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon;
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was Virtuoso then in chief,
Approved the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic-glass his judging eye,
Cry'd—Strange!—then reinforced his sight,
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through.
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surprised with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round
(In which at once they fortify
Against the Sun, and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people 's civiler

Than those rude peasants, that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans,[1] with whom they are
Perpetually in open war:
And now both armies, highly 'nraged,
Are in a bloody fight engaged;
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear, and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight, before 'tis done.
With that a great philosopher,
Admired, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Apply'd one eye and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes as plain,
As if their eyes were in again:
And, if they chanced to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose;
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear;
By which both senses being united
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,

[1] 'Privolvans,' 'Subvolvans:' terms borrowed from Keplar, and alluding to the two classes who, according to him, inhabit the Moon,—those who do not see the earth, and those who do.

Observed his best, and then cry'd out,—
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
  These silly ranting Privolvans
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones,
As numerous as Soland geese
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand;
Until the long'd-for winter 's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories.
From th' old Arcadians, they 're believed
To be, before the Moon, derived;
And when her orb was new created,
To people her, were thence translated.
For, as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddle-ing,
They still retain the antique course,
And custom of their ancestors;
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
  While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
Another of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,

That understood her various soils,
And which produced best *genet-moyles*,[1]
And in the register of Fame
Had enter'd his long-living name;
After he had pored long and hard
In th' engine, gave a start, and stared:
  Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amazed, and in a fright;
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.[2]
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet;
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And, since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove, what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on;
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of th' Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,

[1] '*Genet-moyles:*' a kind of cider-apple commended by Evelyn. — [2] 'To emboss:' *i. e.*, to hide himself.

Is easily made manifest;
Since, from the greatest to the leâst,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations;
And Heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
With great and num'rous droves is stored:
And, if the Moon produce by Nature
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent, she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the Earth
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers),
And, that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.
  Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight;
And ev'ry man with equal care,
Perused of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his int'rest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In height'ning words, and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ,
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:
  Most excellent and *virtuous*[1] friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains:

[1] '*Virtuous:*' i. e., *virtuosos*, from the Italian word *virtù*.

For, by this sole phenomenon,
We've gotten ground upon the Moon;
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most *virtuous* war
Home to the door of ev'ry star,
And plant th' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground;
And fix our engines and our ensigns
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do),
And prove, if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in th' empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achieved,
But more, henceforth to be believed,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they 're ours, believed ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right, or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charged upon the ancient score:

No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us, without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little:
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery 's enough,
To take all former scandals off—
But, since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us;
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments
(As if th' were destined to miscarry,
In consort try'd, or solitary);
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can swear,
Our eyes themselves have seen appear;
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon 't.
  This said, they all, with one consent,
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next *Transaction*.
But, whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir o' th' telescope,

One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And, from the west side of the Moon,
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amazed anew,
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolved, howe'er, to make it good,
At least, as possible as he could;
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'd seen with them.
While all were thus resolved, a man,
Of great renown there, thus began:
'Tis strange, I grant! But who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may,
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance, as this wonder 's placed;
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right?
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof.
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infused
In ev'ry species, there produced,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here;
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations;
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.

Hence may b' inferr'd, that, tho' I grant
We 've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a diff'rent breed :
That, tho' our own are but slow-paced,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast ;
And yet be Elephants no less,
Than those of Indian pedigrees.
  This said, another of great worth,
Famed for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said, All this is true,
And learnedly observed by you :
But there 's another reason for 't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the Earth and Moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be pass'd
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he 'd no notion of his own ;
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference ;
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone,
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the Earth from this.

With this they all were satisfy'd,
As men are wont o' th' biass'd side ;
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out ;
And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
But, while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure ;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on, had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see ;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep ;
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk ;
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against my eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination ;
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant,
Than all their hints of th' Elephant ;

And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true ;
For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found, a Mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an Elephant,
And proved the *virtuous* occasion
Of all this learned dissertation.
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse ; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain, in exchange.
  Meanwhile, the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration ;
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'd writ ;
When this accursed phenomenon
Confounded all they 'd said or done.
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But th' all were in a tumult straight,
More furiously enraged by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen't,
And were engaged to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt :
When one, whose task was to determine,
And solve th' appearances of vermin ;
Who 'd made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice
(Tho' not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew) ;

After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say,
—— This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my discission :
For, though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Mouse, being but a vermin, none
Has title to, but I alone ;
And therefore hope, I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,
And made the talk of all the town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret 's half made out ;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone ;
If nothing else but truth w' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do.
For Truth is too reserved, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd societies ;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds,
A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show,
That deal in novelty, and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit,
And proper to its nat'ral wit ;
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem ;

And, if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for being true.
For, what has mankind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden ?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close ;
For, if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone ?
For truth has always danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint,
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 've done ;
Only to make new work for STUBS,[1]
And all the academic clubs.
How much then ought we have a care,
That no man know above his share ;
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth :
That those, who 've purchased of the college
A share, or half a share of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not b' admitted to dispute ;
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to ?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public int'rest prone ;
And, if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

[1] 'Stubs:' Henry *Stubbe*, physician at Warwick, a kind of Paracelsus in faults and powers, published a book entitled, 'Legends no Histories: or, a Specimen of some Animadversions upon the History of the Royal Society.' London, 1670, 4to.

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right, and good;
And, from the truth of what they'd heard,
Resolved to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn, to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
Than, with vexatious pains and doubt,
To find, or think t' have found her out.
This being resolved, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouse,—and Moon;
But still, the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they'd sev'ral faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they'd seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' Elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt, and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour;
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box;[1]
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes.
Others conceived it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it;

[1] 'Ballot-box:' it is almost needless to observe, that the method of determining elections, &c., at the Royal Society, is by ballotting.

And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the *Transaction;*
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent:
But, ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies, and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all pass'd muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub, and Privolvans.
This, being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Ashamed that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldesed[1] by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men in arms;
As vain as those, who when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' water.
But, when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where th' impostor was,
And saw the Mouse, that by mishap
Had made the telescope a trap;
Amazed, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone;
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true;

[1] 'Chaldesed:' *i. e.*, humbugged.

That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news;
And nat'ral hist'ry a Gazette.
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;[1]
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown;
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.[2]

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign state,
Made an agreement on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full, by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal;
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay;
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire:

[1] 'Far-fet:' *i. e.*, fetched. — [2] After the author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. It was written after the other, and has considerable additions and variations, which the reader will observe from their being printed within inverted commas.

T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her prop'rest situations
For settling, and erecting new plantations;
If ever the Society should incline
T' attempt so great and glorious a design:
"A task in vain, unless the German KEPLER
Had found out a discovery to people her,
And stock her country with inhabitants
Of military men, and elephants.
For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
Of red-hot iron, as big as Peloponnese,
Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."[1]
This was the only purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time and place most fitting;
When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale
By which they venture Heav'n itself t' assail,
Was raised, and planted full against the Moon;
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.
When one, who, for his solid deep belief,
Was chosen Virtuoso then in chief;
Had been approved the most profound, and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to apply
To th' optic-glass his penetrating eye,
Cry'd out, O strange!—then reinforced his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might;

[1] 'Punishment:' *i. e.*, lunacy.

And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her thro',
While all the rest began as much t' admire,
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surprized with dull amazement beforehand
At what they would, but could not, understand ;
And grew impatient to discover, what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sunbeams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because th' inhabitants are civiler
Than those rude country peasants, that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground,
Named Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enraged,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engaged ;
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle's done.
  At this, a famous great philosopher,
Admired, and celebrated far and near,
As one of wond'rous singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension,
" By which he had composed a pedlar's jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
An universal canting idiom,
To understand the swinging pendulum,

And to communicate, in all designs,
With th' Eastern virtuoso-mandarines,"
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
To th' end and centre of the engine close:
For he had, very lately, undertook
To vindicate, and publish in a book,
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art, be brought
To see with empty holes as well and plain,
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly sally,
To fall upon their stubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
These paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns;
And muster, like the military sons
Of Raw-head, and victorious Bloody-bones,
As great and numerous as Solan geese
I' th' summer-islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand;
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
And then disband, and march in triumph home;
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
From th' old Arcadians they have been believed
To be, before the Moon herself, derived;
And, when her orb was first of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, translated.

For as those people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
T' endure the civil life, but fiddle-ing ;
They ever since retain the antique course,
And native frenzy of their ancestors ;
And always used to sing, and fiddle to
Things of the most important weight they do.
While thus the Virtuoso entertains
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,
"Another sophist, but of less renown,
Though longer observation of the Moon,"
That understood the difference of her soils,
And which produced the fairest *genet-moyles ;*
"But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension,
Had fined for wit, and judgment, and invention ;"
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In th' optic-engine, gave a start, and stared,
And thus began—A stranger sight appears,
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres ;
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
That ever mortal tube, or eye beheld ;
A mighty Elephant from one of those
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
And with the desp'rate horror of the fight
Appears amazed, and in a dreadful fright !
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
Should cause the startled creature to emboss.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produced in Afric yet ;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought

Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate, what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on;
And given us ample satisfaction all
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original.
That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain, and manifest,
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations;
And Heav'n, like a northern Tartar's horde,
With numerous and mighty droves is stored.
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable, she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts too, than the Earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our crediblest discoverers;
And, that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities, as here.
Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight;
And ev'ry man with diligence and care
Perused, and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In height'ning of words, and shadowing sense,

And magnifying all he ever writ,
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnify'd himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,
Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue :
· Most virtuous and incomparable friends,
This great discov'ry fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expenses of our time and brains :
For, by this admirable phenomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon ;
And gain'd a pass t' engage, and hold dispute
With all the other planets, that stand out ;
And carry on this brave and virtuous war
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star ;
And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground ;
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove, if they are other suns, or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought,
Or only windows in the empyreum,
Through which those bright effluvias use to come ;
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture, but to wish to know.
Nor is this all, that we have now achieved,
But greater things !—henceforth to be believed,
And have no more our best, or worst designs,
Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.
T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge ;

Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
"Nor little stories gain belief among
Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"
Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in 'em, without law:
"Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
With butter only harden'd in the sun;
Or men that used to whistle loud enough
To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
Cause all the rest, we own, and have avow'd
To be believed as desperately loud."
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our future scrutinies, and us;
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best, as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destined to miscarry,
As well in concert try'd, as solitary;
And that th' assembly is uncertain, when
Such great discoveries will occur again,
'Tis reas'nable, we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a narrative
Of that which ev'ry man of us can swear,
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear;
That, when 'tis fit to publish the account,
We all may take our sev'ral oaths upon 't.

This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up th' authentic instrument,
And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
To print, and own it in the next *Transaction.*
But whilst their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up ;
And ev'ry person was amazed anew
How such a strange suprisal should be true ;
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space ;
Resolved, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they could ;
And rather choose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question, what they had beheld with them.
While ev'ry one was thus resolved, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began :
'Tis strange, I grant ! but who, alas ! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may,
Especially at so hugely wide and vast
A distance, as this miracle is placed,
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right ?
Nor can we try them, when they 're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof :
For who can justify that Nature there
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here ?
Nor is it probable she has infused
Int' ev'ry species, in the Moon produced,

The same efforts she uses to confer
Upon the very same productions here :
Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
Are found t' have such prodigious variations ;
And she affects so constantly to use
Variety in every thing she does.
From hence may be inferr'd, that, though I grant,
We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ so
From those with us, upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
As being of a diff'rent kind and breed,
That, tho' 'tis true, our own are but slow-paced,
Theirs there perhaps may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be very Elephants, no less
Than those derived from Indian families.
  This said, another member of great worth,
Famed for the learned works he had put forth,
"In which the mannerly and modest author
Quotes the Right Worshipful, his elder brother,"
Look'd wise awhile, then said, All this is true,
And very learnedly observed by you ;
But there's another nobler reason for't,
That, rightly 'bserved, will fall but little short
Of solid mathematic demonstration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation ;
And that is only this—As th' Earth and Moon
Do constantly move contrary upon
Their sev'ral axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally fast,
That larger distances may well be pass'd,
In less time than the Elephant has gone,
Altho' he had no motion of his own ;

Which we on earth can take no measure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,
And make this wonderful phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone,
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
And prove the motion of the Earth from this.
  This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
As men are soon upon the biass'd side ;
With great applause received th' admired dispute,
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
By having (right or wrong) removed all doubt,
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out ;
Resolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
  But, while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for their own diversion too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure ;
" With drills and monkeys' ingenuity,
That take delight to practise all they see,"
Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on, before had done ;
When one, whose turn it was, by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep ;
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he, O strange ! a little thing is slunk
On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk ;
And now is gotten down so low and nigh,
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was not yet so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination ;
And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully solving all appearances,
A plainer way, and more significant,
Than all their hints had proved o' the Elephant ;
And quickly found, upon a second view,
His own conjecture, probably, most true :
For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
To th' optic engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and shut between
The two glass windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnify'd into an Elephant ;
And proved the happy *virtuous* occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore
Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore
A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
Produced another mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,
Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit
T' attest and vouch the truth of all they'd writ ;
When this unfortunate phenomenon
Confounded all they had declared and done.
For 'twas no sooner told, and hinted at,
But all the rest were in a tumult straight,
More hot and furiously enraged, by far,
Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
To find so rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed, and sworn t' have seen't,

And had engaged themselves to make it out,
Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt:
When one, whose only task was to determine,
And solve the worst appearances of vermin;
Who oft had made profound discoveries
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice
(Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),
After he had awhile with signs made way
For something pertinent, he had to say,
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
Is, the one half of it, in my discission:
For tho' 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest;
The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to, but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard
In my own province freely, with regard.
  It is no wonder, that we are cry'd down,
And made the table-talk of all the town,
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have liberty to doubt,
When some great secret's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be by truth alone;
If nothing else but only truth w' allow
'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do;
For Truth is always too reserved and chaste,
T' endure to be by all the town embraced,
A solitary anchorite, that dwells,
Retired from all the world, in obscure cells,

Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange;
To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius, and its wit;
The world, that 's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what th' appear, and seem;
And, if they are not wonderful and new,
They 're ne'er the better for their being true.
"For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury o' the mind,
A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?"
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And only for his greater good forbidden?
And therefore with as great discretion does
The world endeavour still to keep it close:
For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in 't,
As here it has deprived us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all w' had done,
"By giving footboys leave to interpose,
And disappoint whatever we propose;"
For nothing but to cut out work for STUBS,
And all the busy academic clubs,
"For which they have deserved to run the risks
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."

How much, then, ought we have a special care
That none presume to know above his share ;
Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution 's worth :
That all those that have purchased of the college
A half, or but a quarter share of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves, but spent repute,
Should never be admitted to dispute ;
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to :
For partners have perpetually been known
T' impose upon their public int'rest, prone ;
And, if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course.
  This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox, and good ;
And from th' apparent truth of what they'd heard,
Resolved, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their interests to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it such :
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose t' have found it out.
  This being resolved, the assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon ;
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they gazed upon agreeing,
As if they'd different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves, they never would recant
One syllable they'd seen, of th' Elephant ;

Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow, or favour;
"Until they had as many cross resolves,
As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves;"
And grew distracted, whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box;
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes.
Others were of opinion, 'twas more fit
T' unmount the telescope, and open it;
And for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search, and re-examine the *Transaction;*
And afterward to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion for the best.
To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent:
But, 'ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon;
For, at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all pass'd muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Pri- and the Sub-volvans.
This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperater brawl,
Surprised with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies;
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons, and reserves of men in arms:
As politic as those, who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,

Threw casting-nets, with equal cunning at her,
To catch her with, and pull her out o' the water.
But when at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the sly impostor was,
And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, *and them*, in th' optic trap,
Amazed, with shame confounded, and afflicted,
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone,
With none, but this discovery alone:
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous, and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast, and overgrown;
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they please;
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which is found amongst his papers fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the fragment, however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem.

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred virtuosos seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse),
And past them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts:
For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.
With these the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went
In Sixty-Four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail;
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?
And who shall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?

What parties next of foot, or horse,
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches and retreats
Will furnish the next month's gazettes?
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world, infects?
What dreadful meteor, and where
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day, and some but twice;
And why the tides at night and noon
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral cause why fish,
That always drink, do never piss;
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?
If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether possessions of the Devil,
Or mere temptations, do most evil?
What is't, that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill;
But on the outside down again,
As if th' attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the strange magnetic cause,
The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws,
The star, the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence
(For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rds the Pole,
Turns of itself to 't, when 'tis cool);

Or whether male and female screws
In th' ir'n and stone th' effect produce ?
What makes the body of the Sun,
That such a rapid course does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear ;
Which other planets cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow ?
Whether the Moon be sea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand ;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there ?
Whether the atmosphere turn round,
And keep a just pace with the ground ;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind ?
Or whether crescents in the wane
(For so an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day ?
Whether the Sea increase or waste,
And if it do, how long 'twill last ?
Or if the Sun approaches near
The Earth, how soon it will be there ?
These were their learned speculations
And all their constant occupations ;
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square ;
To make a powder of the Sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone ;
To find the North-west passage out,
Although the farthest way about ;
If chymists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses ;

Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense;
To stew th' Elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints;
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.

SATIRE UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked Earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth,
To be found guilty, and forgiven,
Should be a nursery for Heaven;
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust:
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs,
Are our own interest, not theirs:

Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
But begging presents, to get more :
The purest business of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worst deeds, that are less warm :
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself, he errs.
Our holiest actions have been
Th' effects of wickedness and sin ;
Religious houses made compounders
For th' horrid actions of the founders ;
Steeples, that totter'd in the air,
By lechers sinn'd into repair ;
As if we had retain'd no sign,
Nor character of the divine
And heav'nly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthy matter.
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation ;
As if the stars conspired t' imprint
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand, and signature
Of nothing else, but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclined
To take most to th' ignobler kind ;
Or monsters, that have always least
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we've no regard at all
Of our best half original ;
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of th' ignobler part ;

Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances
The greater still devours the less;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our great'st grace is not to know,
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard;

Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but out-houses to our tombs ;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave ;
Our bravery's[1] but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt ;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if we 'd gain'd by being lost.
All this is nothing to the evils,
Which men, and their confed'rate devils
Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind, much worse ;
As if by Nature they 'd been served
More gently, than their fate deserved,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment ;
That, as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own infliction too.
Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities ;
That if the Heav'ns should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay ;
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
And if these fail, there is no good,
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,

[1] 'Bravery:' *i. e.*, fine dress.

But he can easily divert
To his own misery and hurt ;
Make that, which Heav'n meant to bless
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace
With luxury and excess, as fast
As war and desolation waste ;
Promote mortality, and kill
As fast as arms, by sitting still ;
Like earthquakes slay without a blow,
And only moving, overthrow ;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,
And fierce encounters at the bar
Undo as fast as those in war ;
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenced ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none ;
Like those, that with their credit drive
A trade without a stock, and thrive ;
Advance men in the Church and State
For being of the meanest rate,
Raised for their double-guiled[1] deserts,
Before integrity and parts ;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear ;
Make jests of greater dangers far
Than those they trembled at in war ;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again ;

[1] 'Double-guiled:' for guilt—an execrable pun.

Rally with horror, and, in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court,
And make fanatics, in despite
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Although from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are:
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
That wealth that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches;
And those too happy men that bought it,
Had lived, and happier too, without it.
For what does vast wealth bring, but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
An easy-troubled life, and short?
But all these plagues are nothing near
Those far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
T' inflict himself upon his mind;
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins:
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most, which he can never do;
And the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
The more he is unsatisfy'd:
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts;

And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best:
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays:
Grows positive and confident
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all, or no;
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear:
Disdains all useful sense and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise;
Although, the subtler all things are,
They 're but to nothing the more near:
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain;
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude,
That on a needle's point have stood:
Weighs *right* and *wrong*, and *true* and *false*,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain;
And still the subtiler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere his brain,

In vain torments it on the rack, 217
And, for improving, sets it back ;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent,
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil, where 'twas made :
For as abortions cost more pain
Than vigorous births ; so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE ON THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF THE AGE OF CHARLES II.[1]

'Tis a strange age we've lived in, and a lewd
As e'er the Sun in all his travels view'd ;
An age as vile as ever Justice urged,
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourged :
Nor has it 'scaped, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments[2] rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age ;

[1] Here is another proof of what we say in the 'Life,'—that Butler was beginning to sicken of the Cavaliers, and that his fingers were itching for an opportunity to attack them. — [2] 'Two dreadful judgments :' the poet alludes here to the Plague and Fire of London in the years 1665 and 1666 ; but what the 'two mighty miracles' were which succeeded, is not with so much preciseness to be ascertained. It is, however, very probable, that he means the prodigious expedition with which the city was rebuilt, and the very healthy season which followed.

The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the town :
And two as mighty miracles restore,
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before :
In all as unconcern'd, as if they'd been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen ;
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly blockhead!)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
Shook out hypocrisy, as fast and loose,
As e'er the Devil could teach, or sinners use,
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent iniquity[1] and sin,
As skulls that have been crack'd are often found,
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,
And, like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at th' other still that's opposite :
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run ;
And all the difference is, that as the first,
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst ;
So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess ;
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those, who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to Hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open Sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon ;

[1] 'Impotent iniquity :' the term 'impotent' is here used in the Latin sense of it, for ungovernable or unrestrained.

As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base;
Call Heav'n and Earth to witness, how they've aim'd
With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, strived to damn others too;
On all occasions sought to be as civil,
As possible they could, t' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,
But with their constant practice done their best
T' improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art,
The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles, to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
But what they lewdly affect and glory in;
As if prepost'rously they would profess
A forced hypocrisy of wickedness:
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accurst, and mad:
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their compliment, and shows,
That, if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new.
For men are now as scrupulous, and nice,
And tender-conscienced of low paltry vice,
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief, but the brave,
As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
T' appear in any, but the horrid'st crimes;

Have as precise and strict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no shows;
And steer the World by disagreeing force
Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course.
So pow'rful 's ill example to encroach,
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch;
Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that 's good, or bad, to human nature;
By which the World 's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be saved, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,
And passes one for th' other in disguise,
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good received for bad, and bad for good;
That slily counter-changes wrong and right,[1]
Like white in fields of black, and black in white,
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpose, only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restored again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown,
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how expressive and significant,
In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of Hell;

[1] 'Counter-changes wrong and right:' counter-changed in heraldry is, when there is a mutual changing of the colours of the field and charge in an escutcheon, by means of one or more lines of partition.

Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the Devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;
When the great'st tyrant in the world[1] made those
But lick their words out, that abused his prose?
What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance and severe,
That could b' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worse,
Than but to be degraded from his horse,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, ta'en away!
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And, that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To th' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain:
And, how perverse soe'er the World appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears.
And, for that virtue, strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.
How silly were their sages heretofore
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore!
Make 'em believe a water-witch with charms
Could sink their men of war as easy as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling;

[1] 'Great'st tyrant in the world:' this tyrant was Caligula; see the story in Suetonius.

To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloody-bones;
Until the subtlest of their conjurors
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning, than to wrong
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine;
When one of our heroic advent'rers now
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.
So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age;
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more, than all our holdings-forth are able;
A forced obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins:
When an old proverb, or an end of verse
Could more than all our penal laws coerce;
And keep men honester than all our furies
Of jailers, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they lived with us,
Where the best reason 's made ridiculous;
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play!
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And, what they 're ignorant of, disdain to know;

Engross truth (like fanatics) underhand,
And boldly judge, before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance
In spiritual and carnal ignorance;
And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For, as they outgrew *ordinances* then,
So would they now morality again.
Tho' Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin;
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art;
Yet they have *North-west* passages to steer
A short way to it, without pains or care:
For, as implicit faith is far more stiff,
Than that which understands its own belief;
So those that think, and do but think, they know,
Are far more obstinate, than those that do,
And more averse, than if they 'd ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
And grow too positive to understand;
Believe themselves as knowing, and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of store to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, custom-free;[1]
And look as big, for what they bought at court,
As if they 'd done their exercises for 't.

[1] 'Custom-free:' a bill of store is a licence, that the merchant obtains at the customhouse, of taking up such stores and provisions, as are necessary for his voyage, custom-free.

SATIRE UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When she has been too kind before ;
Or tempt her to take back again,
What she had thrown away in vain ;
By idly vent'ring her good graces
To be disposed of by ames-aces ;
Or settling it in trust to uses,
Out of his pow'r, on treys and deuces :
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ;
As if he were betray'd, and set
By his own stars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own estate ;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum ?
For what less influence can produce
So great a monster as a chouse ;
Or any two-legg'd thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness ?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers
To have the charge of man, combined
To use him in the self-same kind,
As those that help'd them to the trust,
Are wont to deal with others just.
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as *to fine* for gull

(Not, as in cities, to b' excused,
But to be judged fit to be used),
That, whosoe'er can draw it in
Is sure inevitably t' win ;
And, with a cursed half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is their condition ; Fate betrays
To Folly first, and then destroys.
For what but miracles can serve
So great a madness to preserve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with sand-bags did of old :
Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks
Into a paltry juggler's box ;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in so vile a bottom :
Engages blind and senseless hap
'Gainst *high*, and *low*, and *slur*, and *knap*,
(As Tartars with a man of straw
Encounter lions, hand to paw),
With those that never venture more
Than they had safely 'nsured before ;
Who, when they knock the box and shake,
Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
But strive to ruin, and destroy
Those that mistake it for fair play :
That have their *fulhams* at command,[1]
Brought up to do their feats at hand ;

[1] 'Fulhams at command:' fulhams was, in those days, a cant term for false dice.

That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' th' box ;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names ;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps are ready every where ;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square ;
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in :
While those, with which he idly plays,
Have no regard to what he says ;
Altho' he *jernie* [1] and blaspheme,
When they miscarry, Heav'n and them ;
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
And crucify his Saviour worse
Than those Jew-troopers, that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat ;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood, and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit so bold a crime ;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them, when h' has lost :
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment, rather than his own ;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That managed them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions, how
To run, as he would have them do,
And then condemns them sillily
For having no more wit than he.

[1] '*Jernie :*' a French oath. *Je renie.*

SATIRE TO A BAD POET.[1]

GREAT famous Wit, whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unused to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd dost understand;
In all Wit's combats, master of defence,
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
'Tis said th' apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers;
And without pain or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And when I would say *white*, the verse says *black:*
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says *Virgil*, but the rhyme ——[2]
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enraged for time and pains misspent,
I give it over, tired and discontent;

[1] A close imitation of Boileau's second satire addressed to Moliere. To whom Butler meant to address it, we are not aware. — [2] The rhyme indicates that this blank ought to be supplied with the name of Howard [Edward], author of a poem on 'The British Princes.'

And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
By whom I was possest, forswear all rhymes ;
But having cursed the Muses, they appear,
To be revenged for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I straight take fire again,
Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse, expect their aid again.
But if my Muse or I were so discreet,
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face, and eyes ;-
And gold, and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips, and hair ;
And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and stones,
Make 'em serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own.
But, in the choice of words, my scrup'lous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit ;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase :
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse ;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit !
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content ;

Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been, if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenced me to verse!
But, ever since this peremptory vein
With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,
And that the Devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge, and write,
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page;
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery![1] whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill!
For, though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read.
For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man, who, spite of 's heart,
Is forced to be tied up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles, does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write;
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;

[1] 'O happy Scudery!' George Scudery (born 1603), the author of a variety of works in prose and verse, and brother of the female novelist.

While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive ;
But still with all they do unsatisfied,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside.
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish for their own sakes they had never writ.
Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme ;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach ——— how ne'er to write again.

REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS[1] AT A CATERWAULING.

IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY.

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light ;
And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave weary'd Nature a restorative :
When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles ;
Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the Park ;
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.

[1] 'Repartees between Cat and Puss:' a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived. (See Settle or Dryden.)

At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancied that he heard those am'rous charms,
That used to summon him to soft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame:
And, as in dreams love's raptures are more taking,
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awaked him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this! or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?
But now, I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither thou 'rt escaped:
Stay, and I'll follow thee.—With that he leap'd
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept;
And, wing'd with passion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow, he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd,
Where many an assignation he 'd enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard;
But griped so hard, he wounded what he loved;
While she, in anger, thus his heat reproved.

C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou at once both injure and caress?

P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.

P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within ;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin :
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd ?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleasure, and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure, when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable, if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers, as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half murder'd by his flame ?
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake ?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain.
P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleased, and in displeasing you.
C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure, and of love,
That, contrary to its own end, would move !
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.
P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never loved at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.

As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake ;
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When what I'd die for I am forced to hurt ?
C. Death among lovers is a thing despised,
And far below a sullen humour prized.
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds.
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love (like lightning) wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;
They leave no marks behind them, where they fly,
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye ;
But your sharp claws have left enough to show
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
T' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong, but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.
C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give ;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve ;
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.

P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty,
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me:
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't:
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

SATIRE ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

Who would not rather get him gone[1]
Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas,
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkeys are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught:
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready and dress th' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;

[1] 'Get him gone:' the object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French, which prevailed in Charles the Second's reign.

And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse:
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims sometimes like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow as Punchinello's:
In coldest weather go unbraced,
And close in hot, as if th' were laced:
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with false gray hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng:
And as some pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down;
So ours are often found t' have got
More tricks, than ever they were taught:
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode,
Will swear to *crystalline* and *node;*

And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't :
Disdain the country where th' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn ;
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves, for bearing them :
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er so good :
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home ;
To which th' appear so far estranged,
As if they 'd been i' th' cradle changed ;
Or from beyond the seas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid ;
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here ;
And therefore justly slight that nation,
Where they 've so mongrel a relation ;
And seek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate less than here ;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And seek out others, to be catch'd.
So they more nat'rally may please
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things, which they see
With their own fancies best agree ;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use ;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode ;
And as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practise or refuse it :

T' observe their postures, move, and stand,
As they give out the word o' command ;
To learn the dullest of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs ;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art ;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by th' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive ;
And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and springs ;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worst drolls of Punchinellos
Were much th' ingeniouser fellows ;
For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
And, all their labour lost, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again :
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what ; for in the noise
No man minds what another says :
To assume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for solid and profound ;
And still the less and less they know,
The greater dose of that allow :
Decry all things ; for to be wise
Is not to know, but to despise ;
And deep judicious confidence
Has still the odds of wit and sense,

And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
T' adorn their English with French scraps,
And give their very language claps;
To *jernie* rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and most approved of tones,
And, while they idly think t' enrich,
Adulterate their native speech;
For though to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetoric
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To smatter French is meritorious;
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they improve and benefit;
As those that have been taught amiss
In liberal arts and sciences,
Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.[1]

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF "THE BRITISH PRINCES."

Sir,—You've obliged the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,

[1] 'Edward Howard, Esq.:' most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

And at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble, to their fame have rear'd :
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanced to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improved your own.
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You of their ancient Princes have retrieved
More than the ages knew in which they lived ;
Described their customs, and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew ;
Unriddled their dark oracles, as well
As those themselves that made them could foretell.
For as the Britons long have hoped in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again ;
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this poem placed him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
To raise the dead, and give new life to men.
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove :
For as eternity has neither past,
Nor future (authors say), nor first, nor last,
But is all instant ; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
T' observe what time they lived in, or were dead ?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.

There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit :
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring *sense*, that understands it here.

A PALINODIE TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM ON "THE BRITISH PRINCES."

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues ;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit ;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white.
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence.
No ; your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison.
And yet you might have thought upon a way
T' instruct us, how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that's too great, or little for your fame :
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick ?

As he that was desired, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oratiòn,
Desired his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right;
So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
You might have blamed us, if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown;
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right;
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries,
You've lately made of wonders in the skies.
For who but from yourself did ever hear
The *sphere of atoms*[1] was the *atmosphere?*
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What should confine those undetermined crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A *sign* and an *ascendant* were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud;
Since clouds below are so far distant placed,
They cannot hinder her from being barefaced?

[1] 'Sphere of atoms,' &c.: referring to certain absurd ideas in the poem satirized.

Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech?
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're found
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.
Had Homer known this art, he'd ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain,
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs to pay for those,
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose:
And by this art do Priscian no wrong
When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry should strive
To cry 'em down, by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be try'd
I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight,
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale.
For, when the paper's charged with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,

Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verse, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it;
For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit:
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When ars'nic's only wrapt up in the verse.
These are the great performances, that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
Whose wondrous pow'r 's so generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity WINE, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind, and body too,
Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew, to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;

And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly essential to his good;
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs
(While fools their conversants possess
As unawares with sottishness);
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judges strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth the only antidote
Against diseases, ere they 're got;
To save health harmless from th' access
Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.

All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The justice of his cause that's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded,
With—*Son of a Whore*, and—*Damn'd confounded*—
And the bold signal given, the *lie*,
But instantly the bottles fly;
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot.
That blood that 's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Tho' sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surprised like brother against brother,
And put to th' sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners;
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast.
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature:
And fiercest creatures, that repair,
In thirsty deserts, to their rare

And distant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and close alliance link,
And from their mixture of strange seeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;[1]
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots.
While man, with raging drink inflamed,
Is far more savage and untamed;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he 's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls,
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of's life, as vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end.
  So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,

[1] 'Health with his horn:' it was believed, that this animal used to dip its horn, which was medicinal, in the water to purify it, before it would drink, and that, for the same reason, other beasts waited to see it drink before them.

He made it next his chief design
To plant, and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE.

Sure marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:
For then 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded, in the strictest sense;
No canon of the Church, nor vow was broke,
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tired, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without being bound in duty to show cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
For since, what use of matrimony has been,
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,

Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes, as well as land;
And, if they 've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossipping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they 're born) the nurse:
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,
When those that stand for them, lay down the rate
O' th' banquet and the priest, in spoons and plate?
The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two:
Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did;
Were privileged, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For, so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend,
And he that made a scruple in the case
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men
Return'd 'em to their husbands back again.
Then for th' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complacence,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,
But that which signify'd all married men;

Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon 't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so;
For, if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse.
For horns (like horny callouses) are found
To grow on skulls that have received a wound,
Are crack'd and broken; not at all on those
That are invulnerate and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself!
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!
For, if a brave man, that preserved from death
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath;
He, that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then, if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civilized the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay;
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth—
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For, if 'tis honourable by all confest,
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least;
And these times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.

All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburne,[1] free-begotten men ;
Had equal right and privilege with these,
That claim by title right of the four seas :[2]
For, being in marriage born, it matters not,
After what liturgy they were begot ;
And if there be a difference, they have
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being engender'd with more life and force,
Than those begotten the dull way of course.

The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal ;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation,
Upon their women's supererogation :
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind ;
And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousest of all their saints ;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
Their exercises of devotion on ;
That serve them for certificates to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do :
Before they 're marry'd, make a conscience
T' omit no duty of incontinence ;
And she that has been oftenest prostituted
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But, when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolved to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years ;

[1] 'John Lilburne:' see his character, Hudibras. — [2] 'Title right of the four seas:' by the ancient law of England, if a child was born whilst the husband was within the four seas, it was considered legitimate.

Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives, 123
And die their daughters' martyrs, and their wives',
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I

There's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But, if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,
Or tender-hearted conscience;
And zeal for Gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence;
And all that dare but question it, are straight
Pronounced th' uncircumcised and reprobate:
As malefactors that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do 't,
Is sentenced and deliver'd up
To Satan, that engaged him to 't,
For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him; while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handiworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece,
The same outgoings seem t' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That, out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of th' imagination,
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,
For spiritual gifts and offerings,
Which Heaven to present him brings;
And still, the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refined,
And ought to be received with greater reverence.

III.

But, as all tricks, whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else,
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence;
And, as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations,
Like spiritual foundations

Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern Publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heav'n, to the Devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins,
But on dark days, his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines,
Unless among the weak and ignorant,
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant:
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
And still the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he's sought, and follow'd after;
And greater ministrations gains;
For talking idly is admired,
And speaking nonsense held inspired;
And still, the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful:
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the solid'st, and the most profound.

V.

S great Apostle once was said
With too much learning to be mad ;
But our great saint becomes distract,
Snd only with too little crack'd ;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
Snd will endure no reason but his own.
For 'tis a drudgery and task,
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask ;
But to be found impregnable,
S nd with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
In spite of shame or reason, resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute.
Ss he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away :
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace.
For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
Snd shameful as to be ashamed,
He ne'er can be attack'd,
But will come off ; for Confidence, well back'd,
Smong the weak and prepossest,
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, opprest.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd ;
Lnd, that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties ;
And is convinced, no pale
O' th' Church can be so sacred as a jail.
For, as the Indians' prisons are their mines ;

So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienced Saints;
For the same thing enriches that confines;
And, like to Lully, when he was in hold,[1]
He turns his baser metals into gold:
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding forth, and holding of his peace,
And takes a pension to be advocate
And standing counsel 'gainst the Church and State
For gall'd and tender consciences;
Commits himself to prison, to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural,
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,
And ev'ry one another contradicts;
All laws of Heav'n and Earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy;
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
Disdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A slave and villain to become,
To serve its interests abroad:

[1] 'Like to Lully, when he was in hold,' &c.: Lully was a famous chymist in the thirteenth century, who, journeying to the east, was thrown into prison, and continued there to prosecute his researches.

And, though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
At tithing mint and cummin;
No dull idolater was e'er so flat
In things of deep and solid weight;
Pretends to charity and holiness,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
And, though the zeal of God's house ate a Prince
And Prophet up (he says) long since,
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
As if he went to law, his suit;
Summons his Maker to appear,
And answer what he shall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of pray'r,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits cross Complaints
Against him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts against him and his laws,
And will be judge himself in his own cause;
And grows more saucy and severe
Than th' Heathen Emp'ror was to Jupiter,[1]
That used to wrangle with him, and dispute,
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

[1] 'Heathen Emp'ror was to Jupiter:' Caligula. See Suetonius.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
In holding forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the sense,
But in the spiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
The groans, with which he piously destroys,
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
And take in Heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into salvation,
Or scare the Devil from temptation;
Until he falls so low and hoarse,
No kind of carnal sense
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were precise
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
He still conforms to them, and has a care,
T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient Churches, and the best,
By their own martyrs' blood increased;
But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of those
That dare his Church's growth oppose,
Or her imperious canons disobey;
And strives to carry on the work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage and edifying war,
More safe and pow'rful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,

Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
Of th' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth, and carry'd on by war;
And his successor was a Presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.[1]

XI.

For as a Turk, that is to act some crime
Against his Prophet's holy law,
Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time:
So, when some horrid action 's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He 's judged inspired, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which th' other cries him down for, and abhors;
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most concurs;
Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one Brother
Is but a counterpart of th' other;
And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

[1] 'Haly or Abubeker:' Haly and Abubeker were Mahomet's immediate successors, the one in Arabia, and the other at Bagdat.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
To preach the Gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome;
And though, in worshipping of God all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good:
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast,
As fury and destruction waste;
Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And licence does more good in Gospel-times.
Hence 'tis, that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For when Religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has placed
Those joys above that to reward
The just and virtuous are prepared,

Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the Devil's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at th' expense of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handiwork, and far below
A gen'rous spirit t' undergo:
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurp the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge
For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, tho' in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right
To censure, judge, and know;
Tho' she can only order who
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not strive to take opinion by surprize,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desp'rately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Tho' without judgment, skill, and parts,

Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts t' adorn),
Can never fail to captive some,
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And rev'rence what they ought to scorn:
Admire his sturdy confidence
For solid judgment and deep sense;
And credit purchased without pains or wit,
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine[1]
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit,
On one another, like the choice[2]
Of Persian princes by one horse's voice.
For those fine pageants, which some raise,[3]
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
T' enable whom they please t' appear,
And pass for what they never were,
In private only being but named,
Their modesty must be ashamed,
And not endure to hear;
And yet may be divulged and famed,
And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit wits, to dub

[1] 'Pass a fine:' to pass or levy a fine is a legal phrase, signifying a mode of changing or alienating real property. — [2] 'Like the choice:' Darius was so chosen; see Herodotus. — [3] 'Which some raise:' this alludes to the custom of ushering books of poetry to the public with recommendatory verses.

Each other but a Knight o' th' Post,
As false as suborn'd perjurers,
That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice,
That seldom has been known to miss ;
To cry all mankind down, and rail :
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense,
And all that makes against himself condemn ;
To snarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in 's tongue ;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
T' its first original the Devil ;
And, like a fierce Inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh, that ever spoke or writ ;
Though to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a toad-stone in his skull,[1]
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermin can destroy,
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey ;
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect, and poison men to death :
But that more impotent buffoon,

[1] 'Toad-stone in his skull:' what was called the toad-stone, was supposed or pretended to be a stony concretion found in the heads of toads, and was recommended by quacks and empirics as of great medicinal use. See Brown's 'Vulgar Errors.'

That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport
To rail at all, is but a drone,
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt,
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take delight;
Invades the reputation of all those
That have, or have it not to lose;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense;
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play;
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs, and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside;
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenges on himself the wrong,
Which his vain malice and loose tongue
To those, that feel it not, have done;
And whips and spurs himself, because he is outgone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay,
To those whom they would in effigy slay.
And as the Devil, that has no shape of 's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him, when he 's gone:
So he, that 's worse than nothing, strives t' appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but, when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.[1]

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again,
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives
With settlements, for after-lives:
For all that can be done, or said,
Tho' e'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard, nor understood.
All our fine sleights, and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert,
And those romances, which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuft with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all;
So we plant glory and renown,
Where it was ne'er deserved, nor known,
But to worse purpose many times,
To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the World, that never seems to mind,
How good or bad men die, but what they leave behind.

[1] 'Du-Val:' Claude, a highwayman, born in France, and hanged at Tyburn in 1669; handsome, gallant, and very popular with the female sex.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That lived, and dy'd, to leave behind
A great example to mankind;
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few,
Who, tho' born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise,
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live,
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more genteel mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous:*[1]
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull English nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat;

[1] '*Filous:*' a French word, signifying a thief or a pickpocket.

To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flandres or Venise;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretell how long they 'll hold, and when decay;
T' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the most authentic of romances;
And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
What ribands all the year are in or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
He had his birth and education;
Where all men are so ingeniously inclined,
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;
A virtue of that precious use,
That he, whom bounteous Heav'n endues
But with a mod'rate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit:
In all the deep Hermetic arts
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improved his nat'ral parts;
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found.
He, like a lord o' th' manor, seized upon

Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful weft and stray,[1]
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue ;
Declared all caravans that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe ;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs ;
Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before ;
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on ;
For no man is judged fit to have the care
Of others' lives, until h' has made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun,
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won ;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
Th' excise and chimney-publican,

[1] 'Weft and stray:' wefts, or waifs, are such stolen goods as are abandoned or cast away by the thief on his being pursued, which are forfeited to the king.

The Jew-forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
Of all his foes, the Constable ;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him, and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And, when they encounter in it, wins the day :
Safe in his garrison, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenced for 't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter.
But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starved this mighty town,
And brought its haughty spirit down,
Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts ;
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desp'rate road :
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay ;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover :
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the city yield ;

For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found,
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arrived,
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contrived
To pull him from his height of glory down ;
And he, by numerous foes opprest,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secured with mighty guards,
Lest he, by force or stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards ;
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care,
Than those of meaner rates ;
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he received as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too ;
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practised yet in plays .
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contests and piques
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit ;

And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other with his person and his charms:
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glass;
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve,
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down,
And change a life with him:
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fix'd determined fate,
Their life itself began to hate,
As if it were an infamy
To live, when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers;
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS.[1]

Sir, you 've outlived so desperate a fit,
As none could do, but an immortal wit;
Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, tho' on a less sick brain.
But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improved, and much the better for 't.
As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in her pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd and vig'rous youth acquire;
And with so much advantage, some have guess'd,
Your after-wit is like to be your best;
And now expect far greater matters of ye,
Than the bought Cooper's Hill,[2] or borrow'd Sophy;
Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
And Seneca's dry sand, unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals less improved; all pride
And native insolence quite laid aside;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durst with safety, to affront:

[1] Wood, in his 'Athenæ,' informs us, that Sir John Denham, in the year 1661, was made Knight of the Bath, and was esteemed by the King for his ingenuity; but upon some discontent arising from a second match, became crazed for a time. Some say that he poisoned his wife from jealousy of the Duke of York. — [2] 'Cooper's Hill:' alluding to reports of plagiarism brought against Sir J. D.

No china cupboard rudely overthrown ;
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down ;
No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
With verses forty times more lewd than his :
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce ;
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
For asking what in fruit and love you 'd scored ;
But all civility and complacence,
More than you ever used before or since.
Beside, you never over-reach'd the King[1]
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
Nor brought in false account, with little tricks
Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks ;
False mustering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For those that never lived ; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no small sum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse ;[2]
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
As you were wont ; till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd :
For had the stones (like his), charm'd by your verse,
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse :
And sure, when first you ventured to survey,
You did design to do 't no other way.

All this was done before those days began,
In which you were a wise and happy man ;

[1] 'Over-reach'd the King:' Wood says, 'That King Charles I. granted to Sir John the reversion of the place of surveyor of his buildings, after the death of Inigo Jones, which place he entered upon at the Restoration, and held to his death, and got by it seven thousand pounds.' —[2] 'To build them worse:' the office which Sir John lived in near Whitehall, was of his own building, whilst he was the King's surveyor.

For who e'er lived in such a Paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness oped your eyes?
Who ever greater treasure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast,
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practised upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For, tho' no art can ever make them sound,
The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.
How high might you have lived, and play'd, and lost,
Yet been no more undone by being choust,
Nor forced upon the King's account to lay
All that, in serving him, you lost at play!
For nothing, but your brain, was ever found
To suffer sequestration, and compound.
Yet you 've an imposition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out, at Beast, or Gleek:[1]
And when you 've raised a sum, straight let it fly,
By understanding low, and vent'ring high;
Until you have reduced it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

[1] 'At Beast, or Gleek:' Beast (French, *Bête*) is a game at cards, like loo. Gleek is also a game at cards.

UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.[1]

Who ever will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found idiot by a jury;
And ev'ry pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic licence over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make 'em submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenced by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies,
More false and nice than weighing of the weather
To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather;
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;
Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart;
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruses and episodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
According to the true and ancient way;
That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a licence for 't in Greek;

[1] This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II., and the worst of critics.

Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin :
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity ;
Nor Devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks ;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they 're born in.
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd ;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who 've had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree ;
And served, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break ;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst, the worst approver
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.
No longer shall Dramatics be confined
To draw true images of all mankind ;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false ;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,
To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As th' other did all law and conscience ;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howel's [1] days ;
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the —— you know what ;
And set down in the Rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime ;
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out, or came in.
An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury ;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or *Tales* falser than Euripides ; [2]
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner ;
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made by a foreign lawyer and his pupils,[3]
To put an end to all poetic scruples,
And, by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans,[4]
Determined all the doubts of socks and buskins ;

[1] 'Howel:' a Welch king. — [2] '*Tales* falser than Euripides:' those jurymen are called Tales, who are chosen in court from amongst the by-standers, to supply the places of such as do not appear, or are challenged. — [3] 'Foreign lawyer and his pupils:' this foreign lawyer is Aristotle. — [4] 'Virtuosi Tuscans:' this refers to that innumerable tribe of commentators upon Aristotle's 'Poetics,' which appeared in Italy upon the revival of learning, in the sixteenth century.

Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's[1] case,
Which Lope Vega[2] first began to steal,
And after him the French *filou* Corneille ;[3]
And since our English plagiaries nim
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him ;
And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover ;
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry and Fletcher's ;
Who, for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charged by those who ten times worse commit ;
And, for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censured for 't with more unlucky sense ;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more, than the best that pedants write.

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES.[4]

Why should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please ?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilferers full of what they steal,

[1] 'Speroni :' an Italian writer of the sixteenth century. — [2] 'Lope Vega :' the prince of dramatic poets among the Spaniards in the beginning of the seventeenth century. — [3] 'Corneille :' the celebrated French poet. — [4] It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law;
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may b' assumed, and own'd, and earn'd;
And, like our noblest fruits, improved,
By being transplanted and removed:
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the State,
With which it turns no more t' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont;
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement;
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
Nor settled upon heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t' a second hand:
So 'tis no more to be engross'd
Than sunshine, or the air enclosed;
Or to propriety confined,
Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulged and known,
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,

Be scanted of that lib'ral use,
Which all mankind is free to choose,
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispersed and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth;
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 've freely coming in.

The world 's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that 's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' exposed and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen, and press,
Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own;
So he that 's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And still the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply him;

Can judge more justly what he takes
Than any of the best he makes;
And more impartially conceive
What 's fit to choose, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly 'pon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt that 's made of salt 's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirit 's of a nobler nature,
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
  Hence mighty Virgil 's said of old,
From dung[1] to have extracted gold
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done),
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery oats and beans;
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms;
To whom th' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observed his customs in their rhymes.
  'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ;
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing-birds i' th' dark;
And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings;

[1] 'Dung:' in his 'Georgics.'

And yet was honour'd and renown'd,
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those, who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who, with less art and pains,
Can do it with their native brains;
And make the home-spun business fit
As freely with their mother wit?
Since what by Nature was deny'd,
By Art and Industry 's supply'd;
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave.
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert;
While all th' endowments she confers
Are not so much our own as hers,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares;
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.
  Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review;
And that a wit at second hand
Has greatest int'rest and command:

For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t' invent, and drudge.
  Invention 's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies ;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to b' in the fit ;
(Like Prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy again) ;
Makes all her suitors course and wait,
Like a proud minister of state,
And, when she 's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly, lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure ;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit.
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting sports, of those that write ;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting sport.
  Hence 'tis, that some, who set up first,
As raw, and wretched, and unversed ;
And open'd with a stock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore ;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse ;
And at the best could but commit
The petty larceny of wit ;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin ;
Yet, after long and sturdy 'ndeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,

With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit,
As paper 's made on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquired
The right—or wrong—to be admired ;
And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.
For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums, he only owes.
Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own ;
So whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

UPON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.[1]

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place ;
The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's ;
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth ;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other person's characters ;
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.

[1] This same Philip Nye, with the whimsical circumstance of his Thanksgiving Beard, is introduced in Hudibras's Heroical Epistle to his Lady. He was one of the Assembly of Divines, first a Presbyterian, and then an Independent, noted for the singularity of his beard.

This satisfy'd a reverend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
He 'd been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates
Were turn'd to officers of horse and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries,
Was held the chiefest of those sp'ritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats;
But in the desperatest of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats;
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,
And pass, or null things, at his own disposing;
Could clap up souls in Limbo with a vote,
And for their fees discharge and let them out;
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding forth upon Thanksgiving-days;
Whither the members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast;
But by the way repeated the *Oh-hones*
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones;
His frequent and pathetic *hums* and *haws*,
He practised only t' animate the cause,
With which the Sisters were so prepossest,
They could remember nothing of the rest.

He thought upon it, and resolved to put
His beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
T' abate the rigidness of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ablest Virtuoso of the kind

With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
On all intrigues that might concern his beard;
By whose advice he sat for a design
In little drawn, exactly to a line:
That, if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.
This done, he sent a journeyman sectary,
H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greatest practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all fanatics,
And set their most confused disorders right,
Not by a new design, but newer light;
Who used to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
To whom he show'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.
Quoth he, Tis but a false and counterfeit,
And scandalous device of human wit,
That 's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.
Quoth th' other Saint, You must leave that to us,
T' agree what 's lawful, or what 's scandalous;
For, till it is determined by our vote,
It 's either lawful, scandalous, or not;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.
Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For, though I use it in a lawful time,
What if it after should be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense;

Which I'm resolved perpetually t' avow,
And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let th' event befall us how it will.
This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;
Talk'd on as pertinently, as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
And re-assume its antique character,
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
And stand in competition with the life:
For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips;
And set in such an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More subtly fill'd and polish'd than the gin
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being design'd and drawn so regular,
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?
And yet it was, and did abominate
The least compliance in the Church or State;
And from itself did equally dissent,
As from religion and the government.[1]

[1] Among Butler's manuscripts, the following additional sketch is found:—

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat;
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace,
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin;
And cut so even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.

PROLOGUE TO THE "QUEEN OF ARRAGON,"

A TRAGI-COMEDY, BY WILLIAM HABINGTON,
ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Sir,—While so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come;
And which you have discharged at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate:
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have (beside our hearts)—a play.
But, as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;

No topiary hedge of quickset
Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick set;
That made beholders more admire,
Than china-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought so regular
In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,
Who would believe it should be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profess'd;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another;
As all things, where they 're most profess'd,
Are found to be regarded least.

Or, like to lords of manors, seized all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays;
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it.
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encouraged by 't.
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But just as tooth-draw'rs find among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out;
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies:
But here they 're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their pow'r; for bears are said
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE UPON THE SAME.

TO THE DUCHESS.

Madam,—The joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal lord, to you;
And, while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart;
That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements out-dared;

And made a stubborn haughty enemy 7
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms;
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.
But, as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes;
If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant,
We humbly ask your pardon for't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

A BALLAD

UPON THE PARLIAMENT WHICH DELIBERATED ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING.

1 As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-House,
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

2 Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be Queen of a May-pole;
Two Princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
And her grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

3 In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeasty Pride
With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer,
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

4 A great philosopher
Had a goose for his lover,
That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
It may be both ways right.

5 Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
Enough in them both to serve for one.

6 Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
But when they came to trial,
Each one proved a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,[1]
And that made up a pair-royal.

[1] 'Three knaves in the whole,' &c.: the wit of this lies in the ambiguity of the word pair-royal, which is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and signifies at the same time, in French, a peer or baron.

A BALLAD.[1]

PART I.

1 Draw near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

2 Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

3 You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the Mayor,
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmy Fair!

4 His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But indeed it is no such matter.

5 On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

[1] 'A Ballad:' Cromwell is the hero of this, according to Thyer

6 Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,
That a beard should grow
Upon a thing's brow,
Did ye ever see the like?

7 He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing but a skin
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

8 On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o' th' very same leather;
Ears are imply'd,
But they 're mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

9 Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That every hour
Gapes to devour
The sowce that grows so near.

10 Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twould have served a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

11 Within, a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass,
As easy as
That you would do a pudding.

12 But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground as he goeth.

PART II.

1 This monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches
B' an imp that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and breeches.

2 When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

3 The winds did blow, the thunder
And lightning loud did rumble ;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

4 As soon as he was brought forth,
At th' midwife's throat he flew,
And threw the pap
Down in her lap ;
They say 'tis very true.

5 And up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I' th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

6 And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

7 The country round about there
Became like to a wilder-
ness; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

8 Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
Till a wise woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hogsty charmed.

9 There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone, and with nitre,
She singed the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

10 And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel;
For she used to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

11 But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In ev'ry town,
And eke in ev'ry shire.

12 And now at length he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet Street,
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty.

13 God save the King and Parliament,[1]
And eke the Prince's Highness;
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis.*

SATIRE UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.[2]

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit,
To all it was imbued with first, submit;

[1] 'God save the King and Parliament:' from this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was wrote before the death of the King; and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's. — [2] This, and the following, are but parts of a large unfinished poem.

Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have, or t' hold, indifferently of course.
For Custom, though but usher of the school,
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast;
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred;
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals:
And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
Upon the body, than the soul's allow'd,
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly, as the body's found to grow.
Though children, without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
And apprehend before they are aware;
Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been used of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first received to know,
But renders words they first began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who therefore finds the artificial'st fools
Have not been changed i' th' cradle, but the schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education;
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.
No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain

Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon ;
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before :
And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks,
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-books ;
Are really but pains and labour lost,
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought ;
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone :
As men that wink with one eye see more true,
And take their aim much better, than with two.
For, the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;
And, for th' industry he has spent upon't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand it
(Like those that write the characters), left-handed :
Yet he, that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
  These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practised only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship ;
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins.

When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only used to pass the time away;
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
T' express a school and playhouse, but the same;
And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one:
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagancies,
The rest and recreation of tired thought,
When 'tis run down with care, and overwrought;
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake;
And, when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest,
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulged in soul and body
Are most averse to industry and study;
And th' activest fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniencies meet
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part;
And scholars, by preposterous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin:
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so strait a compass is confined,

Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot ;
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause,
That Nature uses, by their own by-laws :
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude ;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her :
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
For Adam, with the loss of Paradise
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price ;
And ever since that miserable fate,
Learning did never cost an easier rate :
For though the most divine and sovereign good
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has proved a greater hinderance
To th' interest of Truth than ignorance ;
And therefore never bore so high a value,
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;
Had academies, schools, and colleges
Endow'd for its improvement and increase ;
With pomp and show was introduced with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had *fasces ;*
Empower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
T' assume an art, and after understand it ;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free ;
And own professions, which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book :

Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;
And, having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduced and govern'd it,
But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
As better is a spiteful foe to good ;
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for 't.
  Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show ;
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write :
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end ;
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name :
For most of those that drudge and labour hard
Furnish their understandings by the yard ;
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios ;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves ;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions :
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' *Cantore ;*
Where all he can make of it, at the best,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest ;
And whether he will ever get it out
Into his own possession, is a doubt :
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,

Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns, and the Ancients.
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had Nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name;
And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe:
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own;
And he 's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they 're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they 've least capacity to doubt,
Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines,
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,

Than those that falsely venture to encroach,
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach ;
And still, the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand ;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom ;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent,
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contrived the whole establishment of Nature ;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd ;
Or give a rational account why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects!
The first and best philosopher[1] of Athens
Was crack'd, and ran stark-staring mad with patience ;
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit ;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar,[2] striving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exiled himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verse.
The Stagyrite,[3] unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd :

[1] 'Philosopher:' Socrates.—[2] 'Scholar:' Plato.—[3] 'Stagyrite:' Aristotle.

So he that put his eyes out to consider
And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Tho' reverenced by the learned ever since.
Empedocles, to be esteem'd a God,
Leapt into Etna, with his sandals shod,
That being blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was;
That to his own new deity sacrificed,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic[1] coin'd false money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate;
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge College,
Than th' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he choked his whistle,
To rally on an ass, that ate a thistle;
That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

The ancient Sceptics constantly deny'd
What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd;
For when they affirm'd that nothing's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;

[1] 'Cynic:' Diogenes.

And, like Polemics of the *Post*,[1] pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.
These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble ;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans ;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace ;
Were often set by officers i' th' stocks,
For quarrelling about a paradox :
When pudding-wives were launch'd in cucking-stools ;
For falling foul on oyster-women's schools.
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions.
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
A pair of shoes of any other school ;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics ;[2]
That used t' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of Academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
And Epicureans were the most heroic,
That stoutly ventured breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the int'rests of their sects ;
And still behaved themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute ;
Until with wounds and bruises, which they 'd got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot :

[1] 'Like Polemics of the *Post:*' Polemics, or, as they are usually called, *Knights of the Post*, were persons who were ready for hire to swear, in a court of justice, or before a judge, anything that was required. — [2] 'Cyrenaics:' a sect inhabiting Cyrene in Africa belonging to the Gnostics.

When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the *sov'reign good.*

Distinctions that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext,
Have made the comment harder than the text;
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces, of a point;
And with impertinent evasions force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were, in nature;
And venture to demonstrate, when they 've slurr'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen used to fence
With blunted files) engage with blunted sense;
And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon a foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the *jack;*
And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' question;
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert;
And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;

Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only and the words:
As he[1] who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
Engaged with nothing but his style and phrases;
Waived to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;
But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those that understood them to be try'd;
And counted *breaking Priscian's head*[2] a thing
More capital than to behead a king:
For which h' has been admired by all the learn'd,
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false;
And still, the more 'tis used, is wont t' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon;
And by their over-understanding lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all removed from none.
It is Opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For, as those surnames are esteem'd the best,
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.

[1] 'He:' Milton. — [2] 'Priscian's head:' see note in 'Hudibras.'

Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim.
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,
That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies.

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking, of a neck,
Are worth the sight; so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense, being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been used, of course,
Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force;
And pass for sense, t' all purposes as good,
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges;
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing but the words and style;
And the most curious critics of the learn'd

Believe themselves in nothing else concern'd.
For as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
According to the habits that they wear),
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks :
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
To learn the art of patrons' (in defence
Of int'rest and their clients) eloquence ;
When Consuls, Censors, Senators, and Prætors,
With great Dictators, used t' apply to Rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule ;
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.
  Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd
To draw the lines and features of the mind ;
The characters and artificial draughts,
T' express the inward images of thoughts ;
And artists say a picture may be good,
Although the moral be not understood ;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile ;
Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind,
With what fantastic tawdry they are lined.
  So orators, enchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue :
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false ;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,

To pass the one for th' other in disguise ;
And, like a morrice-dancer, drest with bells,
Only to serve for noise, and nothing else,
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear ;
For, if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest :
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.
Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense ;
That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's as vain excuses :
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies ;
And th' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity :
Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose ;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher ;
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve, and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern ;
And, while their studies are between the one
And th' other spent, have nothing of their own ;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false :

For, whether 'tis their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation ;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly ;
Their poring upon black and white too subt'lely
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley ;
Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none ;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind ;
Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes and fulls,
And changes in the insides of their skulls :
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit ;
But never bring the world and books together,
And therefore never rightly judge of either :
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by th' immoderate excess of study
Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.
  For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of Judgment, Sense, and Art ;
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain.
  So he, that once stood for the learnedst man,[1]
Had read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,

[1] 'Learnedst man:' Selden, with whom Butler had first an intimacy and then a quarrel—the two grand essentials of a Satire.

Worn out his reason, and reduced his body
And brain to nothing with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and *virtuosos*,
To read all authors to him with their glosses;
And made his lacqueys, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scolias,
To be read to him, ev'ry way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;
Had read out all th' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crack'd his skull, to find out proper places,
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practised all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy;
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Frankfort fairs,
Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in ev'ry room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come;
And lay a train that nat'rally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,[1]
When, lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable—
Presto, be gone! h' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred!

[1] 'Bought both books and learning at a bargain:' Cardan says he bought a copy of Apuleius for the sake of its gilt binding, and next day could read Latin as well as e'er he did!

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By sev'ral courses, to one end;
To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,
And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less show:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he, that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those who live upon the rabble!
'Tis they maintain the Church and State,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices;

Bear all th' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions;
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay them for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay 'em in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;
Discharge all damages and costs
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or given
To purchase this world, Hell or Heaven.

Should once the world resolve t' abolish
All that's ridiculous, and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T' apply in jest or earnest to;
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

The world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But, since impostures are so highly raised,
And faith and justice equally debased,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,
T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

The sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on th' account of books;
And, when there are two scholars, that within
The species only hardly are akin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they 've loiter'd in a college.

Critics are like a kind of flies, that breed
In wild fig-trees, and when they 're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores, and make way for the Sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts, and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough paced
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cured, that's round:

For error and mistake, the less th' appear,
In th' end are found to be the dangerouser ;
As no man minds those clocks that used to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic's but a puppet motion,
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion ;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught,
Unnaturally taken from a thought ;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix ;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
B' another name, and makes it true or false ;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of being explain'd ;
And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
That only study between jest and earnest :
For, when the end of learning 's to pursue,
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they 're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry ;
And are so much delighted with the chace,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proselytes and converts use t' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true ;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But Truth has but one way to be i' th' right ;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduced to less than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate,
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The great St Louis, King of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the Holy War,
Was routed and made prisoner.
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty.
The King pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The King's security for good :
Such credit had the Christian zeal
In those days with an infidel,
That will not pass for twopence now
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

Those that go up hill use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When th' way is difficult and steep ;
So those at court that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

All acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

Lions are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour :
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

Nothing's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break, alike with friends or foes ;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent ;
And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend, nor one cross.

The Devil[1] was the first o' th' name
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker;
And, though miscarrying in th' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which from their prince
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do, or suffer, like the Devil.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they 're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;

[1] 'The Devil:' hence Johnson's 'The Devil, sir, was the first Whig.'

So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster,
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness :
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence,
To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune ;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them, without their care ;
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like fairies, for them in the dark ;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances ;
While others, by desert or wit,
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

Great wits have only been preferr'd
In princes' trains to be interr'd ;

And, when they cost them nothing, placed
Among their followers not the last;
But, while they lived, were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,
And, having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least;
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

Innocence is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of State;
Nor from th' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone.
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?

And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion o'er the rest.
And, as one shield, that fell from Heav'n,[1]
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state;
The false are num'rous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unsight unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by a dog glad to be led;
And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion.
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And, when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contact, as the humours match;

[1] Numa's famous shield.

And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

Authority intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates ;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain :
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A godly man, that has served out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime ;
As scholars, when they 've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion ?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions ?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay ?

A teacher's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough ;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

The sob'rest saints are more stiff-necked
Than the hottest-headed of the wicked.

Hypocrisy will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

The greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade.

Your wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And, when they prove averse and loath,
Yet for convenience take an oath;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confined, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;

Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands
Obey, and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill removed of old ;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors ;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments :
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust ;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from th' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

The motions of the Earth or Sun
(The Lord knows which) that turn or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For, could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate,
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to Earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heav'n but love.

All wild but gen'rous creatures live of course
As if they had agreed for better or worse:
The lion's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenious elephant
T' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead:
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;

And though their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To th' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign pow'r of life and death,
And, as its little int'rests move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love ;
For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ;
And make that love degenerate
T' as great extremity of hate ;
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames and raptures, and love-tricks.

All sorts of vot'ries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a Spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce ;
Before they 've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand ;
Or, having stay'd, and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women sep'rate alimony ;

And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And, for their journeywork and pains,
The charwomen clear greater gains.

As wine, that with its own weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry, whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing Devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits;
And when he's in, he's out of 's wits.

All writers, though of diff'rent fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument;
And poets by their suff'rings grow,
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;

But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

They that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confined to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some, more wise, in Arabic,
T' avoid the critic, and th' expense
Of difficulter wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæsar he's nicknamed, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd too by a crow
As pertinently, long ago;

And with more heroes' names is styled,
Than Saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child:
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That's of the house that's counted best.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to despatch by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears,
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And in the miserablest of distress
Improves attempts as desp'rate with success;
Success that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

The people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
No money is as good as *No assent.*

When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?

Authority is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want, nor well endure.

Dame Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the Capitol.

All that which Law and Equity miscalls
By th empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses, and falser jurymen.
No court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with Justice:
And when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
The Devil himself will rather choose to play
At paltry small game, than sit out, they say;
But, when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

The law that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong;
But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd,
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

The law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Who can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

All those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court-of-justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw
In all the idle bugbears of the law;
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

Old laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The Statute-Law's their scripture, and Reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils, and Decisions
Of judges on the bench, their sole traditions;
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;

And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like chequer-tallies, suit.
The court directs the obstinat'st dispute;
There's no decorum used of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compared to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they had none.

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of state are managed best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do 't.

All the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone,

But never lets a true one stir,
Without some fing'ring trick or slur ;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
T' endure the torture of the search.

What else does History use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious,
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words ;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense ;
Their treach'ry, that undoes of custom
Their ownselves first, next those who trust 'em ?

Because a feeble limb's caress'd,
And more indulged than all the rest ;
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please ;
When that, which goes for weak and feeble,
Is found the most incorrigible,
T' outdo all the fiends in Hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests, when they rage ;
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year :

So, when the glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes ;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' the first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
T' enclose the Earth with living walls ;
So jailers, that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear ;
That makes men pull their horns in, like a snail,
That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail ;
Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains ;
When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

The Roman Mufti with his triple crown
Does both the Earth, and Hell, and Heav'n own,
Beside th' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to in Purgatory ;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins :
But, as for Heav'n, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his cross-keys' badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern :
Yet, when he comes to take account, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A Jubilee is but a spiritual fair,
T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware ;
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin ;
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times ;
For dealing both for Judas and th' High-priest,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ.

That spiritual pattern of the Church, the Ark,
In which the ancient world did once embark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Altho' bound through an universal sea ;
When all the modern Church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

In the Church of Rome, to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

An ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

All Wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

In little trades, more cheats and lying
Are used in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjuster dealing
Is used in buying than in selling.

All smatt'rers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use;
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

In all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice:
It neither cares for food nor clothing:
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in the account of Heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n:
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;

So he, that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

Were Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means:
As if the Schools design'd their terms of art,
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As *Hocus Pocus* conjures to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

The man, that for his profit 's brought t' obey,
Is only hired, on liking, to betray;
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

Opiniators naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soever they 're design'd to go.

Navigation, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And proved the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

The Prince of Syracuse,[1] whose destined fate
It was to keep a school, and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so awed,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects never were s' obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command 's so imperious as a school.

As he, whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he, whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

The Universal Med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant, to cure the sick,

[1] 'Syracuse:' Dionysius the Younger.

Unless by death, the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great :
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art ;
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,
Call'd his receipt a General Specific :
For, tho' in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all as easy as they 're got ;
Much less, among so many variations
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A convert's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out.

All mankind is but a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show, or monster meet ;
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight ;
And, when they chance t' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices ;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measured, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs,
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,

Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough ;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

Logicians used to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison,
And, in as learn'd authentic nonsense, writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit ;
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book ;
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

Those get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all i' th' drudgery of the brains ;
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant ;
And children are more busy at their play,
Than those that wiseliest pass their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For vent'ring to disclose a flame
It had so long supprest.

In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spared,
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And tho' he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers;

And, after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of Nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does but spring a leak;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run a-ground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown-up and crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms and wreckt;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go a-board.

VARIOUS READINGS OF AND ADDITIONS TO HUDIBRAS.

Mr Thyer has, in his edition, in order to "trace the thoughts of a man of genius from their first dawning to their development," preserved different versions and additions of Butler's to various passages in Hudibras. These we retain.

PART I. CANTO I. LINE 115.

THAT had the greatest orator
Of all the Greeks, who heretofore
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones,
To learn the better to pronounce,
But known his harder rhetoric,
He would have used no other trick.

PART II. CANTO I. LINE 285.

He thought it now the fittest moment,
The lady's amorous pangs to foment,
The hopefullest critical occasion
To pass upon her with his passion,
The likeliest planetary crisis
For stratagems and love surprises.

Who ever was a homelier lover
Than Hercules, th' heroic drover?
Yet, when he woo'd at quarter-staff,
What lady's purtenance was safe?
For sympathetic blows as well,
No doubt, may wound as powder heal.

PART II. CANTO II. LINE 15.

To fight for Truth is but the sole dominion
Of ev'ry idiot's humour or opinion,
And what it fancies Truth maintains,
By vent'ring t' hardest blows its brains;
And he, whose noddle is most tough,
Demonstrates with the clearest proof.

IBID. LINE 18.

What sort of creature Summum Bonum was,
Philosophers describe so like an ass;
If virtue were an animal determine,
Or vice but insects, and imperfect vermin.

IBID. LINE 47.—CONSCIENCE.

For wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please,
And plenary indulgence to dispose
At pleasure of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witness what they do;

And when they prove averse and loath,
Yet for conscience take an oath;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep, than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul,
And, when it is enjoin'd to obey,
Is but confined, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how it will appear;
Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands
Obey and follow its commands;
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill, removed of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith to new proprietors;
And perjure, to secure th' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments;
For true and faithful, good, and just,
Are but preparatives to trust,
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs,
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

PART II. CANTO II. LINE 133.

Fanatics hold the Scripture does not bar
The bearing of false witness for
A spiritual neighbour, but against ;
For only that's forbid the Saints ;
When some among 'em have had calls
To swear for Brethren, true or false,
They have been bred up by the Saints
To swear without the least restraints,
Which, when it does not reach to blood,
Weighs nothing with the Brotherhood.

IBID. LINE 201.

God does not put those strict restraints
Upon his favourites the Saints,
As on his slaves, the reprobates,
The drudges he abhors and hates ;
Nor does he look for that attendance
From Privy Chamber Independents,
As from the Presbyterian rout,
That wait like sentinels without.

PART II. CANTO III. LINE 522.—SIDROPHEL.

As Campanella, when he writ,
Strived to look like his reader's wit :
So Sidrophel still strived to look
As wise as those to whom he spoke,
And oft would shake his pensive head,
To stir his wit up, when 'twas dead ;
As clerks their ink bottles do shake,
To make it shine more bright and black.

PART III. CANTO I. LINE 319.

With cow-itch meazled like a siser,
And smutch'd i' th' nose with Guinea pepper,
With drink and dewtry[1] cast in trances,
And all the madd'st extravagances;
Dismounted into sloughs and ditches
By friends and spirits, raised by witches,
And conjured into raving fits,
Like one that's outed of his wits.

IBID. LINE 329.

Employs me out upon perpetual jobs
Of gimcracks and fantastic jigambobs;
Or grinding glasses in a punctual minute
For mysteries, which they believe are in it;
That keep me in insufferable fears,
And everlasting danger of my ears;
When guiltlesser delinquents have been scourged,
And hemp, in docks, on wooden anvils forged.

IBID. LINE 365.

That think their talents most adroit
For any mystical exploit;
To deal in love, and news, and weather,
And thieves, and matches altogether.

IBID. LINE 379.

The Dev'l had granted him a lease
Of's life, for secret services,

[1] 'Dewtry:' see Note in Part III.

Which he made o'er in trust to me,
And I, t' appear a just trustee,
Found out a flaw in 't, which I knew
Would make him, when I pleased, renew :
And, therefore, when the time drew nigh,
I put his bill in equity,
And bid the Devil take his course ;
But he, who knew that med'cine worse
Than the disease, let fall his suit,
And fled to Hell t' avoid dispute ;
But yet, conceiving himself wrong'd,
And knowing what t' his place belong'd,
That, tho' he could not touch a life,
Could plague with botches, and a wife,
He sent me that mysterious fob,
As he had done before to Job ;
And gave th' ungrateful wretch commission
To use me in this sad condition,
To pay m' in kind for all my sins,
As whips are made of horses' skins.

PART III. CANTO I. LINE 579.

When all his suit is but a mart.
For if he win the lady's heart,
Upon the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet he laid ;
And all the rest, of bett'r or worse,
Is but a loser out of purse.

IBID. LINE 647.

For love, that is both man and beast,
Is equally with both possest,

And, like a Pythagorean soul,
Runs through all sorts of fish and fowl,
Retains a smack of ev'ry one
He shows his mighty power upon ;
And whensoe'er he's mad and fond,
Has something of the vagabond ;
And as a Pythagorean soul
Runs through all silly beasts and fowl ;
So, ere he had it, his had done,
And had a smack of every one.

PART III. CANTO I. LINE 650.

Love 's but the running of the fancy,
A clap of fond extravagancy,
That, if it be not stopp'd in time,
Breaks out in botches of vile rhyme ;
And when 'tis with love-powder laden,
And primed and cock'd by miss or madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery.

IBID. LINE 717.

Nor can diseases, though begot
By one or both, untie the knot,
For health and sickness being all one,
Which both engaged before to own ;
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they 're sound :
The worst that falls can be no more
Than was provided for before ;
And when both sides have shared the hurt,
Who ever did it suffers for 't.

PART III. CANTO I. LINE 733.

No sooner are they made one flesh,
And both compounded int' a mesh,
But sexes prove the next debate,
And who has right to this, or that,
Or whether slavery or dominion
Belong to that of men or women,
Until the issue has been try'd,
And found most frequent for the bride,
Who can reduce the greatest brave
To be her utensil and slave;
To husband takes him during life,
And makes but helper to his wife.

IBID. LINE 779.

Your eyes are not two precious stones,
Nor twinkling stars, but radiant suns,
That dazzle those that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Your shining hair of the same fleece is
With that of heavenly Berenices;
Your lips no rubies, but the stain
Of th' heav'nly dragon's blood in grain;
Your teeth not pearls, but whiter far
Than those of the heav'nly Dog-star.

IBID. LINE 725.

That like their watches wear their faces,
In delicate enamell'd cases,
And all their sense and wit as tawdry,
Except their native talent, bawdry.

PART III. CANTO I. LINE 913.

For though the less love costs of pains
And slav'ry, 'tis the clearer gains ;
As wine, the friend of love, proves best
That freely runs before 'tis prest.
Some lovers are besotted most,
Where most they find their matters crost ;
As other beasts are sharper set,
The less they are allow'd to eat.

IBID. LINE 1017.

With rhyme and begging presents prove
To make returns of heart and love,
As Indians, for glass-beads and trinkets,
Exchange rich stones, and pearls, and ingots :
For there's no mystery nor trade
But in the art of love is made.

IBID. LINE 1134.

As in dreams, the hands and feet
Are not so vig'rous and fleet ;
But, when th' engage to strike or run,
They both fall slow, and faintly on ;
So did the renegado knight,
Perform his waking dream of fight.

IBID. LINE 1470.

And engineers, the best divines,
And soundest doctrine, drawing lines ;
Or taking forts and sconces in
The safest way to conquer sin ;

And military discipline
Reveal'd to be by right divine ;
Or men of war to overcome
The flesh and Devil with a drum ;
Else what can engines and edged tools
Pretend to do with saving souls ?

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 13.

The Persian Magi, who were brothers
To those that got 'em on their mothers,
And held unqualified t' enjoy
That dignity any other way,
With all submission had given place
To this unmix'd and purer race ;
So we and they became a-kin,
Wh' are both our sons and brethren.

IBID. LINE 151.

As if they meant to build upon
The old design of Babylon,
Had coin'd a language for their sticklers,
Worse than the Mesopotamian bricklay'rs,
And edified their canting jabberers
Beyond the gibb'rish of their labourers.

IBID. LINE 156.

For none but Jesuits are allow'd here,
To propagate the faith with powder ;
For what can serve their purpose fitter
To prove their Church derived from Peter ?

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 355.

As politic as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy,
And jealous, as if both his ears
Had eaves dropt what each other hears,
And so trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink.

IBID. LINE 369.

As if the changeling had been truck'd
In clouts by witches, whom he suck'd
The magic from, to turn himself
To any figure, like an elf.

IBID. LINE 375.—CHARACTER OF LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Who, like a skilful rhetorician,
Knew how to order his transition
So cunningly, the quickest sense
Could ne'er discover his pretence;
Nor what he went about discover,
Until the whole design was over.

IBID. LINE 391.

For as, at th' end of a game, 'tis lawful
Before the next to cut and shuffle,
He understood all common-places
Of treachery, and their intricacies;
The doctrine and the discipline
Of all cheats, moral and divine;

The price of principles, and the rates
Of shifting them at turns of states,
And always valued them the more
The oftener they'd been sold before,
For he believed perfidiousness
Was like the small-pox or disease,
Which no man's temper's free against,
But first or last the blood attaints;
And only those are treason proof,
Wh' have had it once, and are come off.

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 479.

Still the ignoranter they proved,
Became the stiffer to be moved;
For fools are stubborner t' obey,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay.

IBID. LINE 507.

Was this the mystery we meant
In th' holy League and Covenant,
To take it like tobacco then,
Only to be blown-out again?
To hold up one hand for a brother,
And pick a pocket with the other?
That all the bus'ness of the cause
Was but to tickle ears with straws,
And pick the purse of John a Nokes,
That did but scratch it, like Squire Cokes?

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 533.

'Tis true we are in some confusion,
For want of zeal and resolution.
When haughty 'prentices rebell'd,
And beat their masters in the field,
And after ventured to reduce
The guards at Whitehall and the Mews,
But failing in the enterprise,
Took in the city in a trice,
And kept it with a strong recruit,
And fresh supplies of horse and foot,
Till gallant Hewson, with a handful
Of men-at-arms, resolved and manful,
Drew up where th' enemy made head,
And shot an apple-woman dead,
Put th' haughty enemy, in spite
Of all their confidence, to flight,
And took the town, with the only slaughter
Of his great rival, a translator.[1]

IBID. LINE 713.

Lawyers, like jugglers, can with ease
Convey men's money how they please,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As readily as *hocus pocus;*
Play fast and loose, make men obnoxious,
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius.*
Those, that in licensed knav'ry deal,
And freely rob the commonweal,
And after make the laws o' th' land
A refuge against justice stand,

[1] Colonel Hewson, above alluded to, was originally a cobler.

Like thieves that in a hemp-plot lie
Secure against the Hue-and-cry,
And make that which they more deserve—
A halter, for protection serve.

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 1168.

To keep out surplices and rings,
Was fitter for your wit than kings;
Or cast the Quakers out, and Ranters,
For out-reforming Covenanters;
Or banish rosemary and bays,
And pies, on Christ-tide holidays;
Fitter for talents of your rate,
Than botching of a church or state.

IBID. LINE 1189.

Those, whose int'rest lies between
His keeping out, or bringing in,
Mean nothing but to make a mouth,
And take th' advantages of both,
Like rooks, who drive a subtle trade,
By taking all the oddses laid.

IBID. LINE 1195.

Till finding the hangsman like to board,
Our vessel grappled to his yard,
T' avoid the danger tack'd about,
And turn'd our vile commanders out,
To put in others, in their steads,
Of stouter hearts and wiser heads,

Who quickly got the weather gauge,
And then came boldly up t' engage,
Maintain'd courageously the fight,
And put the enemy to flight.

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 1519.—THE BURNING OF THE RUMP.

A speaker with a mace before it,
Cut by an artist in a carret,
With many a tatter'd talisman
For Bradshaw, Ireton, Scot, and Vane ;
Next statues, they have shown much art in,
For Tichborn, Munson, Downs, and Martin,
With Lambert, Desbro', and the rest,
In proper characters exprest ;
All which, with rumps, are on a flame,
And our approaching fate proclaim,
More ominous than comets' tails
To all our juntos and cabals.
* * * * *
Through all the flaming kennel course us,
To shoot the fiery gulph, like Curtius,
As if the fortune of the state
Depended wholly on our fate ;
For what does all their fury mean else
By sacrificing rumps in kennels ?
By burning fundaments and haunches,
But to supplant us roots and branches ?
To burn the most refined of Christians,
With postick botches, like Philistians ;
To make our patriots miraculous,
Scorch'd in the touts, like Chaucer's Nicholas,

And sacrifice our hinder quarters,
More like to heretics than martyrs;
To blow us up worse than the plot;
To charge their mortar piece, for shot,
With th' House of Lords, and fire the hall,
Instead of a grenado-ball?
And now stand ready with grenadoes
Of squibs and crackers, to invade us;
And every journeyman and 'prentice,
With rumps in kennels represent us;
And now are damning us, and drinking
Strong ale and curses to our sinking.

PART III. CANTO II. LINE 1606.

The rumps of all trees are the head,
By which they are maintain'd and fed,
And, therefore, all their tops and branches,
Are but their rumps, and arms, and haunches.
Were not the fundamental laws
The rump and fundament o' th' cause?
The cause which we have vow'd t' entail,
And settle on our heirs male;
And therefore rump's a name most fit
For those whose bus'ness is to sit.
A peacock's tail 's more rich and gaudy,
Than all the feathers of the body.

IBID. LINE 1639.—BURNING OF THE RUMP.

Nor is this news to us, or more
Than what we might expect, before;
For when we had been render'd once
The subject matter of lampoons,

The argument of stories, libels,
News, queries, politics, and quibbles,
In which we have been said and sung,
And clench'd, and punn'd upon so long,
'Twas no hard matter to forecast
How long our government would last,
For when our folly had render'd us,
And all we did, ridiculous,
Men have obey'd as much in jest
As we have used our interest;
And when a state becomes a farce,
There needs no prophecy of stars
Nor long-tail'd comet, to presage
Implicit changes to the age:
The smallest conventicle prophet
Might dream awake the ruin of it;
For nothing can destroy a nation
So soon as fools in consultation.

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 243.

——— Cowards,
Like horses, do heroic acts,
Engage by turning of their backs,
And use the same heels both for fight
With th' enemy, and pursuit, and flight;
So with the same arms kill and slay,
And rout the foe and run away.
He that overcomes himself and runs,
Does more than he that takes great towns:
If ev'ry man would save but one,
No victory would e'er be won;
For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 313.

All feats of arms are now abridged
To sieges, or to being besieged,
And he 's the formidablest soldier
Who flies, like crows, the smell of powder ;
To digging-up of skeletons,
To make *Brown Georges*[1] of the bones.
It is not wearing arms of proof,
Lined through with shirts of mail and buff ;
But marching naked in the cold,
That makes men valorous and bold ;
Nor swords, nor bullets, nor bloodshed,
But stealing one another's bread,
And eating nothing out of mode,
But what's in season, frogs or toad.
All blows are at the belly aim'd,
Until 'tis slain outright or maim'd ;
And one another's motions watch,
Only to go upon the catch ;
To understand the time and reason
When toads and vermin are in season,
When frogs come in, and what 's the cause
Why July spiders make best sauce,
As if the wars of frogs and mice
Had been of ours but prophecies,
For greater crowds are slain of those
Than upon both sides now of foes.
No feats of arms are now in mode,
But only living without food ;
Nor weapons handled but for show,
Disease and famine are the foe,

[1] '*Brown-Georges :*' brown loaves.

And he, that against both is proof,
Can eat his boots and feed on buff,
Is held impregnable in arms,
And more that shot-free made by charms ;
They do not manage the contest
By fighting, but by starving best ;
And he that 's able to fast longest,
Is sure in th' end to be the strongest ;
And he that can dine upon mundungus,
Is held the valiant'st man among us ;
And those the formidablest forces,
That never mount, but eat their horses,
And make 'em serve i' th' expedition
For cavalry and ammunition ;
Nor helmets now are in request,
Nor cuirassier, nor back, nor breast,
Nor arms of proof accounted good,
Because they will not serve for food.

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 313.

Fighting now is out of mode,
And stratagem the only road,
Unless i' th' out-of-fashion'd wars
Of barb'rous Turks and Polanders.
They laugh at fighting in the field,
Till one side run away or yield ;
But manage all a safer way,
Like th' ancient sword and buckler play,
And loiter out a whole campaign
To forage only and trepan.
All feats of arms are now reduced
To chowsing, or to being chowsed,

And no rencounters so renown'd
As those on walls and under ground.
They fight not now to overthrow,
But gull and circumvent a foe:
And watch all small advantages,
As if they fought a game at chess;
And he's approved the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving,
Can make best fricasees of cats,
——— of frogs, and mice, and rats,
Pottage of vermin, and ragouts
Of trunks, and boxes, and old shoes;
And those who, like th' immortal gods
Do never eat, have still the odds.
——— all their warlike stratagems,
And subtle ferrying over streams,
Or playing at bo-peep with bridges,
Or crawling under ground at sieges,
Or swimming over deepest channels
T' avoid the foe, like water spaniels.

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 561.

Allow him the oddses of demurrers,
The other nothing but his errors,
And is admitted to all grace
And lawful favour by his place.

IBID. LINE 535.

Law is like the labyrinth
With the two form'd monster in 't,
That used to eat men's flesh, and devour
All that it got within it's pow'r.

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 581.

The succeeding Lines seem to have been intended as part of Hudibras's Character of the Lawyer.

A man s' impartial in his calling,
That right or wrong to him was all one ;
Was never known to be s' unjust,
As when he was bribed to break his trust ;
So just, that he who bribed him first
Was never known to have the worst ;
But, when they strove to give him most,
The desp'rat'st cause was never lost.

IBID. LINE 857.—HUDIBRAS'S EPISTLE TO HIS LADY.

Love, like Honour, 's privileged,
And cannot be by oaths obliged,
No more than what a witness swears
Is valid in his own affairs ;
And Love has nothing to pretend,
But its own interest and end.

IBID. LINE 877.

Can any pow'r pretend to awe
Love, Nature's fundamental law,
Or offer to give laws t' a lover
They have no jurisdiction over ?
Shall he, that with his magic bow
Strikes hearts of monarchs through and through,
Submit his own great laws of war
To come t' a trial at a bar ?
To turn solicitor and prog,
Suborn, forswear, and pettifog ?

PART III. CANTO III. LINE 887.

Love, that's the work and recreation,
And charter of the first creation,
From whom all souls of things derive
The free inheritance of life,
That in a short time would expire,
But that 'tis lengthen'd by desire ;
——— for how could Nature live,
But that Love gives it a reprieve,
That has no more than one life in 't,
If Love did not enlarge that stint.

IBID. LINE 1253.—LADY'S ANSWER.

Love that has substance for its ground,
Must be more lasting, firm, and sound,
Than that which has the slighter basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces.
Which is of such thin subtlety
In man, it creeps in at the eye ;
But that which its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid as a glorious love.

* * * * * *

IBID. LINE 1271.

Wealth is all these, she that has that
Is any thing she would be at :
Wit, beauty, honour, virtue, vice,
Are always valued by the price ;

For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty fights and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philter love compounds?
Or what is hair but threads of gold,
That lovers' hearts in fetters hold?

PART II. CANTO III. LINE 251.—DESCRIPTIVE OF SIDROPHEL.

Whether the ganzas, or a scarab,
Or Mahomet's horse, by birth an Arab,
Did bear him up, or if he flew
With bladders of attracted dew,
Since authors mention to the Moon
Men only those four ways have gone.[1]

IBID. LINE 821.—HUDIBRAS'S VISIT TO THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law affairs,
And, though the sage were not at home,
Was led into an inward room,
And told, he should have speedy advice,
To wait upon them in a trice;
Meanwhile the clerk flew out in haste,
And lock'd the door upon them fast,
And left the Knight and Squire once more
In durance closer than before.
The lawyer was that morning gone
Some miles off to a market town,

[1] Here he alludes to various whimsical speculations, in Bishop Godwin and others, about getting to the Moon upon ganzas or wild swans, or by being turned into a 'scarab' or beetle, or by filling bladders with dew, which are attracted upwards, &c.

Where he was wont to ply for fees,
And regulate enormities,
To vend his trumpery opinions
For turnips, cabbages, and onions,
And in the market put to sale
Recognisance and common bail;
But when his clerk had found him out,
And told him what he came about,
How long his two new clients had
For his advice or justice stay'd,
Three hours at least to give him handsel
To execute the laws or cancel.
Why then (quoth he), 'tis ten to one
The birds before this time are flown.
Flown! (quoth the clerk), they 're fast enough,
I'll warrant 'em, from getting off;
I have 'em under lock and key
Too well secured to run away.
That's right (quoth he), but will the gains
We're like to have, outweigh the pains?
They 're such, as near as I could guess,
That seldom fail to pay their fees,
True virtuosos, and *lief-hebbers*
Of suits in law among their neighbours,
That bleed well, though the dottercls,
Are fain to spare in all things else.
They are the likelier, quoth Bracton,
To bring us many a sleeveless action;
Then let us trudge away apace
To seize 'em for our wefts and strays,
As fast as jockies post to break,
Or padders to preserve, a neck,
Where let us leave 'em, while we tell
What new exploits the Knight befell.

Clapp'd up beforehand for their fees,
The Knight and Squire in little ease
Some hours had laid, and did not know
How many more they were to do,
When wearied with their tedious stay,
The Knight, to pass the time away,
And Squire engaged in fierce dispute
To pass the judgment on their suit,
And what they came to understand
Resolved between 'em beforehand,
But waged with mortal heat the squabble,
As ignorance is apt to dabble;
For none are fiercer in contest
Than those that understand the least.
Just as both parties were preparing
To break the peace and good abearing,
They heard a knocking at the gate,
That stopp'd the desperate debate,
And forced them both to waive th' assault,
And by consent to make a halt.

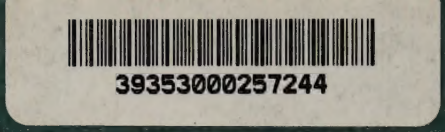
Soon as the lawyer was at home,
He sent his clerk to approach the room,
Where he had shut them in the pound,
Like beasts, for breaking int' his ground;
T' excuse his master's great occasions
Of private bus'ness, and the nation's;
And let them know what great affairs
He had neglected, to do theirs,
What clients he had waived and fees,
To serve them and their businesses.

THE END.

BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

#29072 30

THE BOUND TO PLEASE
Heckman Bindery INC.
APR 68
N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA


39353000257244